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# The Nation.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1910.*

## The Week.

That the Democrats at the Capitol should be talking of Harmon and Wilson as the ticket for 1912 is merely a matter of course. While other material is available in the country, these two men are marked out plainly at the head of the list. It is a fortunate accident that their prominence in virtue of their record chimes in with those geographical and political considerations which usually figure as determining factors in the choice. Indeed, this latter is true in a quite exceptional degree; for not only does Wilson represent the East and Harmon the Middle West, but there are two other elements of very great pertinence. In the first place, Wilson, although he has made his career north of Mason and Dixon's line, is Southern by birth and breeding, and distinctively a Southerner in type. And secondly, both these men have carried by heavy majorities States which had long been regarded as hopelessly Republican. The really interesting question is whether it should be thought of as Harmon and Wilson or as Wilson and Harmon; and on that point the developments of the next eighteen months will have a great deal to say.

---

The meeting of the Governors at Frankfort, whatever merits it may have embodied, has been sadly disappointing to those who hope to see these annual conferences develop into an institution directly efficient in the conduct of government. Stimulating and beneficial to the participants it may have been, in the same way as are those annual gatherings of scientists and scholars which have become a part of the established order in the world of learning; but of a more immediate advancement of the large objects cherished by the originators and advocates of the idea there was little indication. The Governors themselves recognize this, as is shown in the suggestion that the next meeting should be held at some out-of-the-way place, where there would be no opportunity for social distractions. A body that has no definite task to the fulfilment of which it is committed needs every possible safeguard against the temptation to take the path of least resistance; and evidently the conference of Governors, in spite of the undeniably important possibilities of which it is capable, is no exception to this rule.

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John R. McLean's announcement that he is a candidate for the Ohio Senatorship completes the list of men who should not be elected. If Sheehan were to be the most visible fruit of the Democratic victory in New York, James Smith in New Jersey, and McLean in Ohio, the betting on chances in 1912 would at once show odds in favor of the Republicans. Till now, the two men most prominently talked of in Ohio are Mr. Hanley, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, and Mr. Pomerene, just elected Lieutenant-Governor. To the former it is objected that, from his record and associations, he would be no improvement even on Senator Dick. As for Mr. Pomerene, no one pretends that he has shown statesmanship of high rank, but he is comparatively young, is an able debater, an earnest student of public affairs, and a man of views above machine politics. He would at least have brains to put against McLean's barrel; and if it comes down to a choice between the two, the Ohio Democrats ought not to hesitate.

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No less than $344,000 spent by the racing interests to influence legislation in New York State within three years—$188,000 in 1908 alone—is the discovery of the Bruce Investigating Committee. One lobbyist, now resident in London, received $40,290 for his services at one session of the Legislature. Of course, this was for purely legitimate work, such as seeing legislators, influencing agricultural fair associations, farmers' clubs, etc. Then there was Maurice Minton, who received $5,000 from Mr. Belmont for his share in the influencing of public opinion; this is the same gentleman who last summer got up those mysterious Gaynor clubs that were so bent on elevating the Mayor to the Governorship, but which the Mayor disavowed. A writer for the press earned $7,000 and more in a remarkably short time. Now, if he believes these were all legitimate expenses, Mr. Belmont is easy prey for men who wish to get rich quick. If he really thinks that $188,000 could be properly spent to oppose legislation in one session, he has a more confiding nature than most people give him credit for.

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Acting under the advice of the Attorney-General, Secretary Meyer will not permit work to be begun on the battleship New York without getting express authority from Congress to incur the additional expense, above the $6,000,000 authorized in the present appropriation, which he finds will be necessary. This additional expense, of about $1,300,000, the Secretary ascribes to the operation of the eight-hour law. The case is interesting, therefore, not only as involving sound business methods in respect of observing the limitations set by the Congressional appropriation, but also as sharply calling the attention of the country to the question of what the eight-hour law costs. Whether one approves that law or not, it is right that the public should know what it means from the standpoint of the public treasury. The attribution of the whole difference of nearly 25 per cent. to this law would seem, on its face, to be excessive; but that something like this amount of added expense is caused seems probable enough.

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Constant and enormous increase of navy expenditures has become so familiar a phenomenon—the world over—that people are apt to regard it as a matter of course. It is, therefore, quite worth while to note that a glance at any table giving the expense of the British navy and extending back half a century discovers that this habit of continual increase is of quite recent origin. A table stating the cost of the British navy at ten-year intervals, beginning with 1857-8, shows it to have remained almost stationary for thirty years, whereas it has more than trebled in the past twenty-three years. The expenditure for the navy in 1857-8 was £10,590,000; in 1867-8. 1877-8, and 1887-8 it was £11,169,000, £10,785,000, and £12,225,000, respectively; but ten years later it had reached the figure of £20,850,000, and in another decade it

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had come up to £31,141,000. This was in 1907-8; the following year yielded only a slight increase, but the figure for 1909-10 was £35,807,000, and in the present budget the estimate for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1911, is £40,604,000! In round numbers, then, the people of the United Kingdom are called upon to spend $200,000,000 for their navy, compared with $60,000,000 only twenty-three years ago; whereas for thirty years preceding that time the naval expenditures showed hardly any increase at all.

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The annual report of the Adjutant-General of the army records an encouraging decrease in desertions during 1909-1910, the percentage being 3.66, as against 4.97 per cent. in 1908-1909, and the high-water mark of 7.43 per cent. in 1905-06. The heaviest desertions were from the field artillery, coast artillery, and the minor detachments, such as the recruiting forces and recruits en route to stations. Gen. Ainsworth believes that the decrease in desertions is "undoubtedly due to the continuance of systematic and vigorous efforts . . . to apprehend and punish deserters." But just when the army has felicitated itself upon this and the fact that thirty-five companies reported no desertions whatever, Gen. Ainsworth records the chilling news that 2,999 soldiers purchased their discharge within the year, as against 1,769 in the last preceding annual period, and only 1,123 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908. As the average enlisted strength of the army was about 69,500, or say 70,000, it is apparent that one soldier in every twenty-four was so dissatisfied with the conditions of service as to be willing to make heavy financial sacrifices to escape from it. Adding the deserters, 3,464, it thus appears that no less than 6,463 soldiers left the service in twelve months, with or without permission, prior to the expiration of their enlistment, or at the rate of 538, or about two-thirds of a regiment, a month. When those also are reckoned who died, were discharged for other causes than purchase, and left because of expiration of enlistment each year, we have a total loss of 23,688, or one-third of the entire army. No less than 11,911 soldiers declined to reënlist. Plainly, therefore, there is much yet to be done before the service can be declared to be as attractive to American citizens as the War Department would have it.

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Alderman Cortlandt Nicoll deserves the thanks of the community for having seriously grappled with the cab problem in this city, and worked out a plan for radically improving existing conditions. Cheap and easily accessible cab service is one of the great requirements of comfort in a metropolis like New York, and yet we have been decades behind the cities of Europe in providing it. The present situation, to be sure, is incomparably better than what used to prevail years ago, but it is still far from what it ought to be. In former days, twenty or thirty years ago, the want of well-paved streets was an undeniable obstacle to the introduction of cab service on the large scale that prevails in European cities, and at prices somewhat like those there established; though, of course, this was far from sufficient excuse for the absurd system, or want of system, which placed the people of New York at the mercy of irresponsible cabmen for one of the primary conveniences of city life. Now, however, the condition of the streets and the universal observance of proper traffic regulations make it perfectly practicable for New York to be supplied with this convenience as satisfactorily as London or Berlin, and we trust Mr. Nicoll will keep at his undertaking with the determination that its importance warrants.

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It is a long time since so interesting a phase of the question of woman's place in the world of intellect has come up as that presented by the proposition to elect Mme. Curie a member of the Académie des Sciences. Nothing really analogous to this case has yet arisen in the course of the advancement of women that has been so remarkable a part of the history of the past generation; there is something more dramatic about the situation presented when the most distinguished group of scientific men in the world debates the admission of a woman into its charmed circle than in the gradual extension of the field involved in the opening of the doors of university after university, in country after country, to women students. As for the merits of the case, and its probable outcome, we cannot help feeling that it is at most only a question of time when Mme. Curie's admission will be effected; assuming, as no doubt it may be assumed, that the opposition turns only on the question of sex. Incidentally, it may be remarked that to the logical mind there will be little to choose between her admission and her non-admission, as an argument against the views of those who maintain that experience has shown women's incapacity for the highest forms of scientific production. If she is admitted, there will be one woman, out of the handful that devote their lives to scientific research, distinguished by one of the highest of scientific honors; if she is kept out, it will be one more proof of the difference between the encouragement held out to women and that held out to men for sustained devotion to strenuous intellectual labors.

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We learn from a contemporary, with deep regret, of a sad development among magazine editors. It seems that that first step which costs has been taken in the direction of a magazine Trust. A community of interest, the editors will doubtless call it when put upon their defence, and we must admit that it is not yet quite clear whether there is to be at first a geographical division of the country into separate spheres of influence, or whether it is the world of subjects that is to be parcelled out by these lords of magazine creation. But we warn all these earnest souls that coöperation leads readily to more sinister things, as their moving stories of industrial Trusts ought long since to have shown them. Meetings to prevent duplication of muck-raking effort and wasteful competition are all too likely to tend to questions of rate-making, to "gentlemen's agreements," and so to combinations in restraint of the author's trade, and the exclusion of others from the muck-raking field; that is, a limitation of output. With the situation thus in hand, we fear that these editors will then yield to the temptation to charge all that the traffic will bear, with scant attention to the crying needs of the public and a consequent rise in the cost of living. Such has been the history of all our benevolent Trusts: they all began at lunches presided over by a Lincoln Steffens of industry---yet see where they have ended. What if three magazines are now simultaneously muck-raking Mr. Morgan? Competition remains the life

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of magazine trade as of all others, and any one who would stifle it ought himself to be muck-raked.

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As a result of the resolve of the Indiana State Bill Posters' Association to encourage cleaner advertising, the Muncie branch of the organization has decided to refuse to handle lithographs not deemed proper by its censor. The advertising of burlesque theatrical performances is said to be the special object of attack, but whiskey advertisements also are to be discouraged. More significant is the promise to give up altogether the use of boards that are situated in such places as to make them objectionable. To fight against viciousness is comparatively easy, and, in this respect, the action of these bill posters seems belated. They must foresee a public sentiment that would render their voluntary action no longer possible. But that they should actually give heed to the mere consideration of beauty, or even of lack of aggressive ugliness, cannot fail to strike many of their profession, we fear, as absurdly overscrupulous. Is not the "objectionable" place inherently the best place for commercial display? But this apparently voluntary move by the Muncie bill posters almost makes us hope.

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If Dr. Cook has not discovered the Pole, he has at least found a novel, and no doubt in many ways pleasant, method of making money. It is true that few persons would be willing to go even as near to the North Pole as Anoratok, and lie *perdu* in the ice-fields for eighteen months, more or less, for the sake of the money that might be made by the exploitation of a false claim to the discovery of the Pole; but when it comes to a disappearance in Europe, with the enjoyment of all the comforts of civilization, that is another matter. We can think of few more agreeable methods of earning a living. The next thing in order, we presume, is a disappearance in Paris or St. Petersburg, followed by the sale of a series of articles showing that he was insane when he wrote his confession, but perfectly sane when he came back from the Pole.

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As the English pollings proceed, the hopes of the Conservatives dwindle. The chances of the Liberals have certainly been improved by the fact that the Labor party is not running so many candidates at this election, so that the number of three-cornered contests, which cost the Liberals several seats at the previous election, will not be so large as before. In general, the Liberal-Labor alliance seems to be in good working order. Taking everything into consideration, it appears probable that Mr. Asquith will come back with a coalition force practically undiminished. This could not be called a great Liberal victory, but it could be called a Conservative defeat. In so far as the latter follows shifty tactics on the part of Mr. Balfour and his party, and above all marks the failure of the ridiculous cry about "American dollars," it must be accepted with a good deal of satisfaction as showing that the British electors are not to be stampeded by insincere clamors.

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No really taking phrase has been produced by Mr. Balfour in his electioneering, but he essayed a great stroke by coming out for a referendum before a protective tariff should be enacted. At first this was hailed as the cleverest strategy conceivable, but later a reaction set in so that Mr. Balfour himself began to hedge, when he found that what was to inspirit his party was really dividing and discouraging it. No less than Bonar Law, who had left a safe seat at Dulwich to contest one in Manchester for the Conservatives, and who is pronounced for protective duties, at once declared that he would not eat his words, no matter what Mr. Balfour said; and there was, besides, the awkward obstacle of the letter by Joseph Chamberlain asserting the tariff to be one of the "two issues" presented to the electors, and affirming that "now is our opportunity to reconsider our fiscal system"—that is, to abandon free trade.

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The beginnings of party government in China are discerned by the *Celestial Empire* as coincident with the establishment of the National Assembly, even in its present limited form. Palace parties there have been and still are, but party government in any broad sense is of necessity a new development. The Assembly itself was not chosen on a popular basis, and the representatives of the people who are in it consist of those members who were appointed by the various provincial assemblies, which, in turn, are not, to any great extent, popularly elected. Nevertheless, these members have taken seriously their task of representing the people, and a line of division has appeared between the nominees of the various government boards and councils in Peking, and the members from the provinces. So marked was this divergence that Prince Pu Lun, the president of the Assembly, asked and obtained five days' leave of absence from the troubled scene. Interestingly enough, the line of demarcation between Government and Opposition in this newest of Parliaments is the same as that which, under such names as those of Court Party and Country Party, once separated the groups in the oldest Parliament of them all.

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Further testimony, if any were needed, to the perversity of the Oriental mind is furnished by Bishop Brent's parting admission that the Filipinos not only do not like us, but are quite frank to say so. True, this unaccountable antipathy appears to be confined to the upper classes—the lower thus far have displayed a strange indifference to the mere nationality of their masters—but whatever its extent, its violence, which has steadily increased since the first days of the American occupation, shows no signs of abating. How sharper than a serpent's tooth! Yet we do not recall that Dr. Fell, in the epigram, felt obliged to give up his preceptorial duties simply because for some undefinable reason he was not liked. Bishop Brent, indeed, had the satisfaction of finding most with whom he talked during his six months' visit among us quite ready to agree with him that the withdrawal of the United States from the islands would work great harm to the Filipinos and probably to us. It is a pity that such real benefits as the United States has conferred upon them—and we count Bishop Brent himself as one—should go stubbornly unappreciated, along with benefits not so real, because of this childish self-assertiveness on the part of our wards. Their sophomoric vaporings about the "despot's heel," "independence," and other outworn phrases, however, should not cause us to grow weary in well doing. It is true that in the entrancing game of "white man's burden" it rather spoils the fun when the smallest boy gets tired and refuses any longer to play "burden."

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### THE MESSAGE.

It is a disappointing form which President Taft has given his annual message to Congress. In the first place, it is inordinately long. It can be neither generally read, nor even printed. But the second criticism which must be made of the message is more serious. It is not inspiring; it gives no positive lead. This will be the more depressing to the President's party, because in the hour of defeat and in a time of great confusion, it would have welcomed a vigorous initiative, would have hailed a new watch-word. But instead of issuing a call to action, Mr. Taft has written a tedious judicial review. There are excellent positions taken in it, and many sound principles are laid down; but it is not the production of a born leader, scanning the political field and seeing where broken ranks can be formed again and fresh heart put into discouraged men. Republicans were looking to the President to give them an inspiriting ode in time of hesitation. Instead, they get a large wet blanket.

Dissecting out from the mass of the President's recommendations and discussions the matters on which attention ought to be fixed, we note with pleasure that Mr. Taft persists in his efforts to bring about a thoroughly businesslike and economical administration of public affairs. What he has done and proposes to do to eliminate waste, cut off extravagance, and heighten efficiency deserves nothing but praise and support. We hope the President will keep hammering away at this, despite the inevitable obstacles he will encounter and the temporary setbacks he will meet. It has often been said that the Government should be a "model employer," meaning thereby a too good-natured and lavish employer. The time has come when Uncle Sam, who is calling upon the railways and other corporations to be saving and to cut down their cost of production, should make his deeds square with his words. The President naturally links with what he has to say about making the public service less extravagant and more energetic, recommendations to remove it further from politics. What he urges in the way of extending the classified service so as ultimately to free the post office and the consular service and other branches of government activity from political taint, will gratify civil-service reformers and confirm the belief that Mr. Taft sincerely desires to leave the national administration better than he found it.

There has been much curiosity about what the President would say of the tariff. The note he strikes is very different from that he sounded last year in his unlucky Winona speech. He remarks that the schedules of the Payne bill have "been subjected to a great deal of criticism." All will admit that. But Mr. Taft also admits that some of this criticism has been "just." Certain rates of duty, he virtually concedes, were left too high. But the only hope of lowering them which he holds out is through the investigations and recommendations of the Tariff Board, and it is not yet ready to make a report on a single schedule. By the opening of the next Congress—that is, a year from now—Mr. Taft expects to be able to present the argument for further revision of separate tariff schedules; but, meanwhile, he is ready to have the Tariff Board enlarged and made permanent and endowed with further powers, if Congress sees fit. We doubt very much, however, if the Democrats in Congress—especially when they begin the next session with their large majority—will be content to wait indefinitely for the Tariff Board to make up its mind. There are some changes which even Mr. Taft admits should be made in the tariff, and which are certainly not beyond the unaided "wisdom of Congress."

On the subject of conservation, the President reaffirms the views to which he gave utterance in his St. Paul speech last September. He is none too urgent in dwelling upon the need that Congress should speedily pass the new legislation necessary if the coal deposits and phosphate lands and waterpower rights are to be both safeguarded and made available. This is the one great subject demanding Congressional action at an early date, yet it is more than doubtful if the laws desired can be enacted in the crowded short session. As concerns anti-Trust legislation, or further amendments of the Interstate Commerce act, the President advises a pause. This does not mean that the enforcement of existing laws is to be suspended—in fact, the Department of Justice is putting them vigorously in force—but only that it would not be wise to press forward with fresh statutes until we have got from the Supreme Court a full and final interpretation of the meaning and scope of the statutes we now have. This position is only in line with what Mr. Taft has repeatedly said, and seems to us the only sensible one to take.

Regarding other recommendations of the President, he can hardly hope that this Congress will take action. He suavely urges some form of ship-subsidy bill, but such a measure is admitted by old Congressional hands to be wholly out of the question. He appeals for money to fortify the Panama Canal, but Congress shows a disposition to be very slow about that. So with the parcels post and the proposed rates on second-class mail, the chances are that there will be more talk than action this winter.

### WILSON ON THE GOVERNORSHIP.

Woodrow Wilson's address before the Governors at Frankfort last week is both delightful and stimulating reading. It is long since we have had a public man able to clothe his thoughts in such an elevated and felicitous style. And Dr. Wilson also has the thoughts to clothe. His estimate of the aims and functions of this annual meeting of the Governors was happy and just. It is not, and is not to become, a new branch of government, but simply a place for counsel and stimulus and suggestion, a device for better expressing and directing the abounding life of the nation. It was, too, with a strong grasp on realities and a refusal to be misled by phrases that the speaker traced the broad outlines of necessary Federal power, while he opposed the needless "invention" of new powers. But the chief object of his speech was to point out the unused powers of the States, and to insist that the time had come for their fuller and more fruitful exercise. Above all did he sound a new note in connection with the great opportunities and appealing duties of the Governors of the States. What has been dimly in the minds of many he set forth with as much clearness as force; and marked out a programme which, if he is able as Governor of New Jersey even partially to carry out, will prove to be something like an epoch in the history of our government.

In magnifying the office of Governor, Mr. Wilson seized first upon the unquestioned fact that a democracy is

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always looking for leadership. For some years past, indeed, the people in the States have been hungering and thirsting for leaders. The extraordinary way in which Gov. Hughes rose in the admiration and confidence of the citizens of New York was not only due to the qualities of the man, and the causes for which he fought, but was also a proof of the strong popular desire that a Governor should stand out before the people as their direct representative and champion. Now, it is this general attitude of Gov. Hughes that Woodrow Wilson proposes as a model, but with some differences and enlargements. He would have the Governor make himself the interpreter and organ of the popular will, both in the way of formulating policies and of continually discussing them, reporting on how they fare in the Legislature, and rallying public sentiment in their support. The passages of his address in which Dr. Wilson elaborated these ideas have a freshness of attack upon old problems and reveal an ingenuity of resource, combined with perfect frankness and a shrewd insight into human nature and the actual facts of our political life, which mark him out as an original force in public affairs.

We will only single out here the admirable directness and play of humor with which Woodrow Wilson goes straight to the essentials, brushing aside all merely formal objections, and showing exactly how the Governor as leader would go to work. It is not a question of usurpation of power that does not belong to him, but of the vigorous use of the power that is unquestionably his. The warrant for the suggested new activities of Governors is not to be sought in constitutions and statutes so much as in the individual qualities of the men themselves. Mr. Wilson leaves no doubt upon this point. He is not talking about a Governor who will get the things done that he wants by the use of patronage; that method is as wrong as it is stupid and futile. It is not any kind of official influence, as such, that he would have the Governor exert. The whole thing rests upon personal influence. As he conceives the case, it comes down to this: A man who has sufficient weight of character and ability so to impress the people of the State that they elect him Governor, ought not to sink his individual qualities the moment after he takes office. If he could lead before, he can lead afterwards. If he could go before the citizens and debate the most important public questions prior to his election, he can do so subsequently. And this leadership in free public discussion, in keeping the voters informed, and inducing them to be alert and zealous in the scrutiny of the acts of all their public servants, is the kind of leadership that Woodrow Wilson urges upon the Governor. He does this both as a political philosopher and as a keen man of business. We may be sure that when he undertakes to carry out in New Jersey his own prescriptions, he will do it with a kindly wit and a bonhomie that will disarm his opponents while compelling them and the people of the entire State to attend to his arguments. What chance would a machine politician, or a group of bosses, have against a Governor who goes out disclaiming anything like an attempt at coercion, renouncing legal power, and appealing only to sound reason and fair play in the open forum of public debate? There is absolutely nothing to be said against the way in which Dr. Wilson puts the case for the Governors:

> Their real power over a Legislature is their ability to convince the people. If they can carry an opinion through the constituencies, they can carry it through the Legislature. No Legislature need be jealous of that, unless it be jealous of putting public questions upon a footing of open and frank debate. The field is free—as free for those who oppose the Governor as for the Governor himself. The best arguments, the handsomest motives, the most valid and straightforward purpose, the most defensible programme wins. It is too late, moreover, to be jealous of that method of control. The people are ready for it, wait for it, demand it, expect all who hope to serve them to accept the ordeal. No real man who speaks his real convictions need be afraid.

It is this definition and crystallizing of what the people in the States have been vaguely groping after that make Woodrow Wilson's address so noteworthy. It will heighten his reputation as a man fit for leadership because he has ideas and the ability to expound and enforce them. As he soon enters upon executive duties, it is certain that not only his State but the nation will follow his career with the deepest interest. Whatever else he may be, we may be certain that he will not be that sort of "practical man" who, in Disraeli's phrase, is "one who practises the blunders of his predecessors."

## *THE PROTECTIONIST PANACEA.*

The time was bound to come, and to come soon, when the latest formulation of the protectionist creed would be tackled fully and squarely on its merits; and it is a pleasure to find that at this formative stage in the situation that task has been performed in the most admirable manner by Professor Taussig in the December number of the *Atlantic*. The force of his exposition is enhanced by the circumstance that Professor Taussig, as writer and teacher, is eminently cautious in his statements and judicial in his expressions of opinion; so that when, near the beginning of his article, he says of the difference-in-cost-of-production that "as a 'solution' of the tariff question this much-paraded 'true principle' is worthless," many persons will take notice who might otherwise stop their ears. And that the principle, as a principle, is literally worthless, Professor Taussig has no difficulty in showing to the satisfaction of any intelligent and unbiassed reader.

Even from the high-protection standpoint, it would be difficult to find anybody willing to follow this principle out to its logical conclusions, and it will be utterly impossible to offer a tariff strictly based upon those conclusions with the faintest chance of acceptance. Applied unflinchingly, it means, as Professor Taussig says, that "the production of any and every thing is to be encouraged—not only encouraged, but enabled to hold its own. . . . If the article is tea in South Carolina, for example, ascertain how much more expensive it is to grow the trees and prepare the leaves than it is in Ceylon, and put on a duty high enough to offset." This principle, to be sure, is already acted upon in our existing tariff; for on this basis the duties on lemons and prunes were raised in the Payne-Aldrich act; but it is one thing to apply the principle irregularly by the use of pressure in particular cases, and quite another to establish it as decisive, and make it the ground of an indefeasible claim. The attempt actually to do that in good faith, so far from saving protectionism, would prove to be just that last straw which would break its back.

Nor does it lie in the mouths of the gentlemen who have been acclaiming this great principle as a tariff panacea to plead that the principle is to be applied only within reasonable limits. In

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the first place, it has already, in the judgment of the vast majority of the American people, been applied far beyond reasonable limits. No better illustration of this can be given than the tariff on wool; recognized as an outrageous burden on the whole people of the United States, it is looked upon by the wool-growers as the simplest of rights. The naïve letter from "the owner of a flock of sheep" which appears in our columns to-day, is absolutely typical of the attitude which has been maintained by the wool-growing interest for half a century. The idea that any demand on the part of the mere consumer can be reasonable if his own support as a producer is not first provided by the Government, does not enter this honest gentleman's head. A second argument against it is furnished by such a declaration as that quoted by Professor Taussig from a speech by Senator Aldrich in the tariff debate of 1909:

> If it costs ten cents to produce a razor in Germany and twenty cents in the United States, it will require 100 per cent. duty to equalize the conditions in the two countries. . . . As far as I am concerned, I shall have no hesitancy in voting for a duty which will equalize conditions. . . . If it was necessary to equalize the conditions and to give the American producer a fair chance for competition, other things being equal of course, I would vote for 300 per cent. as cheerfully as I would for 50.

When the high priest declares the meaning of the creed, of what avail is the mere common worshipper's interpretation? But there is a third argument even more fatal: if the principle is subject to the limitation of reasonableness, all the fat is in the fire again, and we are just where we were before the great panacea had been discovered.

However, it need not be denied, and Professor Taussig does not deny, that much good may come from the investigations of the tariff commission into the differences in costs of production between the United States and foreign countries. On the contrary, these investigations may, in a large number of cases, show that existing duties go far beyond what the principle would call for, and thus be made an effective basis for needed reforms; and in general, the light that they will throw on conditions of production at home and abroad should be of very great value to those desiring to deal fairly and intelligently with the situation as it stands. Professor Taussig thinks the investigations will be of especial advantage in two directions, "as to undue gains in monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic industries, and as to the extent to which there are vested interests which must be respected in a future settlement of the tariff." In connection with the discussion of both these phases of the subject, and, indeed, throughout his article, Professor Taussig takes occasion to illuminate the tariff question in its fundamental aspects.

As for the attitude of the Democratic party on the subject, it strikes us that this happy thought of the Republicans might easily be turned into a weapon of offence against them. Designed as a protectionist solution of the tariff problem, it is demonstrably incapable of playing that part. But in the hands of tariff reformers, it may, with one essential modification, be made to do good work. As a demand of right, a duty equal to the difference in cost of production should be dismissed as absurd; as a maximum which shall in no instance be surpassed, that difference may well be appealed to as decisive. In cutting down the tariff in the interest of the whole people, all reasonable persons will pay regard to the claims that may legitimately be put forward by those already engaged in industries that have been built up under the stimulus of protection; just what those claims are must be judged in each case according to the circumstances of that case. But anything beyond the difference in cost of production—a difference, too, measured by American production in favorable, not unfavorable, circumstances—is extortion. The abolition of such palpable and undeniable extortion is not to be, as the new Republican dogma would have it, the measure of tariff reform; but as an irreducible minimum of such reform in every instance it may have its use.

## *MRS. EDDY'S CAREER.*

No sensible man will deny that the life of Mary Baker Eddy, with the widespread cult identified with her name, challenges explanation. The rough-and-ready way of either dismissing the whole of Christian Science as imposture and knavery, or hailing it as divine, will no longer suffice. No more delicate task—yet none more imperative—can be laid upon men who seek to think dispassionately and accurately, than that of distilling out observingly the soul of goodness in things evil, detaching truth from its encompassing medium of falsehood, and passing judgment upon great movements like Christian Science in a way at once comprehensive, fair, and charitable, while not shrinking from the truth even if it be disagreeable and give offence. In the entire process we have to guard the right of private judgment and individual liberty—as Prof. William James did when he appeared before a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature to protest against a law forbidding all persons to consult "mind healers."

Few question to-day the physical benefits which some invalids have derived from the teachings and practices of Christian Science. Nervous conditions which set drugs at defiance may often be successfully outflanked, as it were, by approach from the side of the imagination and the will. Every open-minded physician admits this; and would often give a great deal if he could manage to impress certain patients with the sense of mysterious inner powers able to front and conquer disease. Indeed, the truth which lies in Christian Science healing has had wide recognition and application in schools of medicine entirely ignorant of Mrs. Eddy. The ways of attacking and removing persistent hallucinations and obsessions and deep nervous impressions, now common with advanced psychiatrists, have their roots in the same soil as "Science and Health," even though these practitioners may never have read Mrs. Eddy's "last revised edition" of that work.

Admitting, then, that there has been something in the doctrines of Mrs. Eddy and her followers which attaches itself to forces and possibilities "deep-seated in our mystic frame," and not denying that thousands of good people have found their religious natures stirred by the services of Christian Science churches, what are we to say of the rest of it? What is to be our judgment of the philosophy of the matter, put forward by Mrs. Eddy and her expounders—a philosophy at once crude and fantastic? How are we to account for the fact that not merely the doctrines, but the commonplaces and banalities, of "Science and Health" should have been accepted by thousands of excellent people as not only divinely inspired but clothed in language worthy of divine inspiration?

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To begin with, it has to be borne in mind that the raw material for the rise of such cults as Christian Science has always been abundant in the United States. It is not simply that we have a great many credulous people. The very nature and flux of our population, the constitution of our political society, with its emphasis upon individualism, have always made it easy to "found" sects in this country. There was an enormous number of them in the early days of the settlement of Ohio, most of which, including the group worshipping the "Leatherwood God," have disappeared. But Americans of the middle and lower classes still lead the world, we believe, in a readiness to run after religious novelties, and to take up with some high-sounding new faith. Sunday's news informed us, incidentally, of the existence of a religious body in the United States known as "The Pillar of Fire." That light has not blazed high enough to attract general notice, and probably will be quenched ere long; but it typifies the fertility of Americans in that sort of queer religious belief and organization. Mrs. Eddy was merely more successful than other founders in utilizing the ample material ready to her hand.

Her greatest conquests were made among those who were already, at least nominally, Christians. The reason for this is pretty obvious. The Christian churches have the Bible, which they declare to be the Word of God, and most of them believe, or profess to believe, that it is verbally inspired. In practice, of course, they ignore or depart from any given literal meaning which is inconvenient; but Mrs. Eddy came forward with those passages of the Bible in her hand which seem to teach the miraculous healing of diseases, and insisted that they should be taken as implicitly as the passages teaching virtue and sanctity. In other words, she had a great initial advantage in the argument. You say you accept this book as the supernaturally-given guide. Very well, then, why do you not let it guide you to perfect health without the use of medicines and doctors? This was a powerful appeal, *ex concessis*, and it is no wonder that so many simple-minded members of Christian churches were unable to resist it. And when they had, in addition, the evidence of their senses that real cures were wrought by Christian Science, and suffering men and women wonderfully were buoyed up by the reinforcement of their wills, it is not strange that the new cult made rapid headway, and that Christian Science "temples" are now to be found in so many cities.

It might seem out of place to dwell at present upon the harm which has been done by Mrs. Eddy's doctrines. This we will only say has been, in our opinion, very great, and has involved both needless physical suffering and mental and moral injury. But institutions grow and thrive by their good qualities, not their bad. Christianity itself was called an *exitiabilis superstitio* at first; and it would be almost as great a mistake to call Christian Science nothing but a superstition. Its ultimate fate, however, now that its founder is gone, is problematic. A part of its membership will doubtless be re-absorbed into the Christian churches, which are themselves now doing something to win over those who believe in mental healing. Other Christian Scientists will fall away, for one reason or another, and the impetus of the cult, which there is some reason to believe has already been checked, will probably drop off with the years. Yet whatever may become of this singular association, its founding by a woman like Mrs. Eddy, and its long and seemingly inexplicable dominance by her, will remain a problem to try the wits of students of religious vagaries.

## *THE WAY OF WORDS.*

Those who habitually cannot find words to express their feelings will be chagrined to learn from latest statistics that there are above 400,000 at their disposal, exclusive of foreign languages. While the returns of the census during the past months have been causing various excitements, it has escaped general notice that the little denizens of the dictionary have been multiplying, too. Mr. P. W. Long of Cambridge has collected figures that tell a startling tale. The first English dictionary in any real sense was not published until 1604. It contained 3,000 "hard usual English words . . . gathered for the benefit and help of ladies, gentle women, or any other unskilful persons." Then came, to mention only significant works, the Bailey dictionary, which was as popular in the eighteenth century as was Webster's in the nineteenth; and a little later that by Dr. Johnson, which in Todd's famous edition of 1818 had only 58,000 words. Webster, in 1828, printed 70,000; Worcester, in 1846, 85,000. Webster's International, issued this year, has more than 400,000, and what will be the total of the Oxford Dictionary when completed one can only giddily infer from the recent statement by Sir James Murray that he has 5,000,000 illustrative quotations stored in an iron room in his garden.

Like the great influx into the cities from the country, the new words that have rushed into the dictionary start an impulsive cheer, but in a thoughtful mind also the lagging doubt that they may have deserted a more desirable abode. Back three centuries Shakespeare carried about in his head five times as many words as the dictionary then contained; to-day the dictionary has a hundred words for every one that a good writer will use. Clearly, there's a moral here, even though not quite so obvious as it has been made to seem. The great gains in the number of words recorded within the last fifty years have, of course, come from a minute raking over of all accessible English documents and from special branches of human labor, particularly the sciences in which changing conditions have made necessary a host of new terms. In arranging, explaining, and labelling all these the lexicographers have achieved splendidly, and it behooves no one lightly to blame them. And yet for the nonce we could cry out with the late Professor Shaler, "Avaunt with your grubbing! There's too much knowledge in the world already." The dictionary men might well drill us in the words that we have before giving us any more.

For it is plain that, for some reason or other, the attitude of the educated public toward words, along with its attitude toward knowledge, has been changing with the years. Dr. Johnson, a learned man but not a trained scholar, attempted almost single-handed "to fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have been suffered to make in it." This proprietary right in the native tongue was shared in less degree by intelligent people generally; and even to argue an etymology was no proof of the pedant or specialist. Errors of detail sometimes went easily by, but with all their blundering men had a sure sense for words

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which gave to the mere manipulation of them an agreeable excitement. To this the state of the language lent itself also. With structures still visible in more instances than to-day, words kept attention alert to their central thrusts while showing at the same time their seasoning. Especially true was this in the earlier day of Shakespeare, who took for granted even in the pit some glimpse into verbal destinies; otherwise he could never have ventured upon the amazing jugglery of Touchstone's humor.

Now, in reality, we do not urge this as a faint-hearted regret for an age that is no more, but merely as recognition of a serious problem which confronts us. The fact is that words, the most important medium of exchange, are passing into the hands of the favored few. It is the same problem as that presented to-day by wealth and by knowledge. With every chance, apparently, to reach them, the number of words is so great and their science has become so minute and complicated that only your genius dares to grapple with them in any large way. Presumably, the chief of a dictionary still sees wondrous vistas up and down the paths that words have trod; for most of us this is not the case, and it is not needful, of course, that it should be. But between the specialist in words and the insensitive babbler is a point of vantage which must in some way be won back by any one who has ideas worthy of fit expression. It is a question which our educators might well consider. Nor ought it to be too difficult to solve. If not swamped by the half-million words or thereabouts that exist, everybody can easily be interested in this subject, from the jingle-loving child up. The history of words and their combat with ideas can be made absorbing. It is not a return to the quixotic methods of Max Müller that is desirable. Lincoln acquired the instinct for words more simply by studying the Bible and a few other great books. Once let one get the sense of words in typical operation, as so often happens there, with their economy of effort in catching and crystallizing elusive meanings, and one will not willingly lose it. It is not for us here to suggest a more practicable means than Lincoln's; and yet we hope, too, that when the Oxford Dictionary is completed Sir James Murray, or some one with his enthusiasm, will, either by book or by lectures, place the results of that great work rather more vitally before the popular imagination than can its mere totality.

## GREEK AT OXFORD.

OXFORD, November 23.

That no conservatism is so strong as in a democracy is well illustrated by Oxford and Cambridge, the two oldest democracies in Europe, which to-day, as in the Middle Ages, are in control of the Masters of Arts, whose voice decides everything from the election of a Chancellor to the disposal of a five-pound note. In Oxford the resident M.A.'s and professors, with the heads of the colleges, form a body called Congregation, and these, with all M.A.'s, resident and non-resident, on the books of the colleges, form Convocation. The former has 526 members, the latter about 7,000. Every Tuesday in term at 2 P. M. these bodies meet to transact university business, prepared by a smaller body called the Hebdomadal Council. As a rule, the attendance is small—a handful of men—but when an important question is before the university several hundreds may be in Congregation, while the outside M.A.'s from all over the country may swarm to Oxford (even in special trains!) to *placet* or *non placet* a contentious measure.

In theory it is a magnificent thing, this democracy of learning, this Athenian demos, 7,000 strong, every one with his vote, but it is a cumbrous machinery with which to manage a university—though a grand sight in session! No finer academic function is to be seen than the Sheldonian Theatre, packed to the roof to hear Congregation or Convocation debate some burning question of university reform. Except the upper gallery reserved for undergraduates (only a handful of whom were lured from sport of another and more pleasing kind), Wren's splendid building was well filled yesterday with Grecians and Trojans, repeating sixteenth-century history, fighting again a battle over Greek. Then it was a struggle to restrain the introduction of the new learning, believed to be tinctured with heresy; now the battle is over the retention of this same old learning, *i. e.*, Greek, as a compulsory subject for the entrance examination. The Trojans carried their case in the Hebdomadal Council, and a statute was framed, the preamble of which reads:

> Whereas, it is expedient to amend the statute relating to the examination in stated subjects in Responsions (entrance examination) so as to provide (1) that Greek shall no longer be a compulsory subject, (2) that every candidate must, in order to pass Responsions, satisfy the Masters of the Schools in Latin and in Elementary Mathematics, and also either in (a) Greek or in (b) two other subjects, one of which must be a Modern Language, etc.

After the passing of a few decrees, the registrar read out the preamble and the battle began. It was, as I said, a fine sight—virtually the whole teaching body of the university, professors, tutors, nearly all the heads, many ancient Dons, not often seen in the house, and youthful M.A.'s. And it was not a "black brigade," not a gathering made up of the country clergy, who have been known to pack Convocation. These questions have to come first before Congregation, composed of the local M.A.'s and doctors, who reside within a mile of Carfax, the centre of the city. The vice-chancellor, newly elected, Dr. Heberden, the principal of Brasenose (great-grandson of the famous William Heberden, the English Celsus, whose "Commentaries" is still a famous book), presided with grace and dignity. The semi-circle below him was gay with the scarlet of the Convocation habits worn by the doctors of the various Faculties. In the matter of words the Englishman has a wonderful self-restraint, and the gift of taciturnity is nowhere better seen than in these Oxford discussions. *Opera non verba* is the motto, and in an hour or two questions are settled which would take Frenchmen or Americans days to discuss. They come to vote, not to talk, knowing that sensible people make up their minds on a question, and are not much influenced by eleventh-hour speeches. The battle is really fought in the pamphlets and statements circulated a week or ten days before the meeting.

Mr. Percy Matheson of New College, a leading Trojan, who had brought up the question eight years ago, introduced the preamble in a strong speech, in which he urged that in our modern conditions Greek should no longer be required as a necessary subject for a degree in Arts. He pointed out that it would not apply to the famous honor school of *Literæ Humaniores*, or the School of Theology, and it was stated that particular Schools could reserve their rights. A general education without Greek was better for some boys than a general education with Greek, for which the modern languages offered a proper substitute. The president of St. John's College, Dr. James, who has just come from Rugby School, opposed the measure as a weak concession to popular demands, and a sop to the scientists. If Greek were discarded to-day Latin would follow to-morrow. The greatest rulers of England—Canning, Peel, Gladstone, Salisbury, Milner, and Asquith—were products of the classical teaching of Oxford. Sir William Anson, the warden of All Souls, thought the preamble of the statute too uncompromising, as it made Greek optional for everybody. The Regius Professor of Greek, Gilbert Murray, while in favor of differentiation in the Faculties, could not support the statute as it favored universal exemption from Greek. After four other

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members of the University had spoken a division was taken with the following results: *non placets*, 188; *placets* 152; majority 36.

This is the first "knock out" for the reformers, who are trying to rearrange the constitution of the university and its studies, in accordance with the suggestions made by the Chancellor, Lord Curzon. Two weeks ago the preamble of the statute reconstituting the Faculties was passed, and the reformers were pretty confident of success on this old question of compulsory Greek, which was decided adversely eight years ago. Had the statute been differently worded, making a differentiation in the Faculties, I believe it would have carried.

While in favor of relaxing the present regulations, I should like to see Greek retained in the older universities as a qualification for graduation in theology, medicine, and law. Under present conditions in England it is no hardship to ask a young man who is seeking a medical degree in Oxford or Cambridge to have a knowledge of Greek. Taught as it is to-day it may not be of much use, but, if for no other reasons, reverence for the memory of Hippocrates and honor of the labors of Galen demand that we should have some men in the profession with a knowledge of the language of our origins. Could the student be taught the dead languages "without the perplexities of rules talked into him" (Locke), could we but cease from "forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations" (Milton), could we but adopt the rational method by which Montaigne learned Latin and Greek as he learned his native tongue, these languages might become working instruments, keys to great literatures and to the minds of great masters; and the student would read his Celsus and Hippocrates as freely as his Watson or Trousseau.

This winter will decide whether Oxford is able to reform herself in accordance with the elaborate plan submitted by the Hebdomadal Council. Many feel that only by a Parliamentary commission can the necessary changes be enforced. The conservative element in the democracy may be—as to-day—too strong. The problem is how to unite in due proportion the monarchical element of an American university with the principle that gives a share in the government to the graduates. It is like the two mother forms of states of which Plato speaks, the one monarchy, the other democracy. "Now if you are to have liberty and the combination of friendship with wisdom, you must have both these forms of government in a measure"; and this holds good for a university as well as for a city.

WILLIAM OSLER.

# Correspondence.

## AN UNUSUAL SILVER WEDDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since Louis XIV founded the Comédie Française in 1680, and Napoleon remodelled it in his historic decree, dated from Moscow, this most famous theatre in Europe has seen many interesting events and curious fêtes within its classic walls, perhaps none more characteristic or more moving than the modest silver wedding ceremonies which took place the other day to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of M. Jules Claretie's connection with the Maison de Molière—a union fraught with much good for both the high contracting parties.

Few of the Americans who, within the last twenty-five years, have passed delightful evenings at the Théâtre Français realize how much of their pleasure they owe to M. Jules Claretie, the most brilliant administrator who has ever guided the fortunes of that playhouse. For a quarter of a century now he has held this most difficult post by the pure force of wisdom, patience, courtesy, and tact, a combination which has enabled him to furnish happy endings to many situations, so complicated they seemed without a solution. The most dramatic scenes are not always those we see played upon the stage; the greenroom and the director's office witness tragedies far more intense. But no one better than M. Claretie has understood that delicate art of calming the troubled spirits of actors and encouraging drooping and discouraged authors on the eve of a *première*.

My own personal acquaintance with M. Claretie began under singularly agreeable conditions. M. Coquelin had kindly included us in the little group of friends he had asked to the inauguration of his home for destitute comedians at the Château of Pont-aux-Dames. By an unexpected shuffle at the last moment, I found myself alone with M. Claretie in the automobile of my friend J. H. H. During the forty-mile run down and the return journey across the smiling French country in the June twilight, he who in the morning had been a stranger to me, became before the day was over almost a friend. Whether in his apartment on the Boulevard Haussmann, crowded by his personal souvenirs, or the historic greenroom of the Français, where the great works of art of two centuries smile at one from the panelled walls, M. Claretie has always remained the same gracious, cordial gentleman whose kindness has added so many charming hours to my Parisian visits.

His is an astonishing, many-sided personality, by turns historian, *chroniqueur*, novelist, administrator, and a writer of short stories almost without equal, even in France, where that delicate art has been carried to such perfection. His brain reminds one of those magic bottles (dear to the prestidigitators of our youth) which poured out sherry, lemonade, or champagne on demand.

Like all men in high places, he has had to fight bitter battles, suffer furious attacks, and, perhaps harder than either for a man of his temperament, has been forced to bear cruel ingratitude. In 1885 he received from his predecessor, M. Perrin, a theatre singularly abandoned by the public, and a troop of actors composed chiefly of nullities, brightened by one or two burnt-out stars, and from this discouraging beginning was able to build up an ensemble that has remained for almost a generation without its equal in Europe.

If among the numberless plays he has produced during his long career (a record in the annals of the stage) we can count but few masterpieces, the fault must be laid at the door of the modern playwriters, rather than at M. Claretie's, for, from the moment that he took possession of the directorate of the first French theatre, he opened its doors wide to the youth of that day. Lavedan, Brieux, Rostand, Rivoire, Pailleron, owe their start to his timely and enlightened aid.

The little fête referred to above was held last month at his playhouse. Invitations of this kind count among those one takes good care not to decline; the appointed hour found us mounting the monumental double staircase of the Rue de Richelieu, gayly decorated for this occasion by rare flowers and—pretty women.

After a few minutes of general chat, the guests, some hundred and fifty in all, moved to the stage, where, on a green covered table (together with the classic glass of water, prepared for M. Claretie) stood a Jeanne d'Arc of Frémiet's, a gift from the employees of the theatre, a bronze reproduction of Barye's Gladiator, sent by the *pensionnaires*, and a superb first edition of Corneille, bearing on its title page the signatures of the *Sociétaires*. A gold medal sent by the Association des Artistes Dramatiques must not be forgotten. As soon as his guests were seated, Silvain (Mounet-Sully was unavoidably absent) got on his sea legs and delivered a charming little congratulatory address, which had a decided maritime flavor, for he compared the Comédie Française to the ship which the city of Paris bears upon its shield, "storm-beaten but never wrecked," and showed us M. Claretie at the wheel. When he had finished, Mme. Bartet, that most gracious and beautiful of *doyennes*, recited an original sonnet, which is given below. When she had finished, M. Delaunay, son of the immortal *jeune premier* of our youth, spoke a few well-turned sentences. Then M. Claretie rose, and, for some twenty minutes, held us all under the spell of his incomparable and very personal charm; in concluding, he said:

You are right to love me, for I hold you all very close to my heart. If I have been able to accomplish anything during my twenty-five years in your service, it is because you have so valiantly aided, encouraged, and sustained me.

The moment was singularly intense, for, seated in the circle about him, were actors who, in the past, had conspired bitterly against him, and had circulated cruel calumnies touching his administration. One felt as he spoke that little by little he was winning their sympathy, and, as he sat down, there were those among his audience who had tears very near their eyes. Perhaps of all the successes won by M. Claretie during a quarter-century of struggle, this moment was the proudest of his life, and this conquest of these enemies his greatest victory.

A round of cordial handshaking concluded the simple ceremony; we drank a little champagne to M. Claretie's good health and

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good luck, we nibbled a sandwich or two, and talked of the successes to come. As seven o'clock was striking, and the stage hands waited impatiently to set the scene for the evening performance, we slipped quietly out, leaving this veteran director to his thoughts and his laurels.

Son œuvre a la clarté d'une vive fontaine;
S'il a la plume aux doigts, il a la barre au poing,
Et lorsque la nuit tombe et lorsque le jour point,
Sa lunette en éveil suit la brume lointaine.

Voilà vingt ans et plus sur l'onde incertaine,
Debout au banc de quart, il guette et fait le point,
Et que, roseau d'acier qui plie et ne rompt point,
Il est quand vient l'orage un rude capitaine.

Et gardien souriant d'un trésor surhumain,
Louvoyant, esquivant des écueils du chemin,
Versant par les hublots sa verve journalière,

Il conduit sûrement sur le flot azuré,
Toutes voiles dehors, la Maison de Molière,
Nef qui flotte toujours et n'a jamais sombré!

ELIOT GREGORY.

New York, December 2.

## INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to the correspondence on industrial education (*Nation*, November 10), may I relate the following little story. I have just been passing some time in the Pennsylvania coal region. One day a man came up to me and we talked. I asked him how he got on in a county where so few people now can speak American—he was an American—in a county where even official signs are printed in three languages, not one of which I am able to read.

"Oh," said the man. "Why, I know any old lot er jaw rattle."

"What?" said I. "German, Italian, Yiddish, I suppose?"

"Naw, ain't got no use for them dagos. I talk Lithuanian, Slovac, Greek, Rumanian, Polish. Yer has ter talk 'em; American's no good. But say, boss, I want ter get outen, or up in, der dam breaker. Where kin I learn mine engineerin'?"

"Why, haven't you got technical education, trade schools, here?"

"No—ain't no school, only fur kids and 'rithmertic round here. Only der Correspondence College, where fer fifty dollars they learns yer everything and gets yer a job, too; only I ain't got no fifty dollars."

And on returning to my native city I learned that in the coal regions there are no State technical schools—a delightful comment on the real position of the first and most important industrial State in the Union. It helps me to understand why a baseball pitcher is said to have been elected Governor, and why the biggest crowd I have seen in Philadelphia and in the University precincts was fighting to buy tickets for a football match.

We in Pennsylvania have no use for industrial education. Yet the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art is the best, I am told, in the country.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

Philadelphia, November 21.

## HOPES FOR SENATOR LODGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among the contributions which it is to be hoped will be made to the rubbish heap of the recent elections, none will be regarded with more satisfaction by educated men than the sweeping up of Henry Cabot Lodge. That such a man could so long represent Massachusetts in the Senate was to make men say, with Lowell, "Massachusetts, God forgive her." When it is remembered that in 1894 this graduate of Harvard made a speech in the Senate advising that discriminating duties be levied on British goods in order to force England to change her standard of value, we get some idea of the moral and mental calibre of the man. Some politicians we can excuse with the apology that they know no better, but not so in the case of Lodge.

LAWRENCE GODKIN.

New York, December 5.

## DAMAGES FOR LYNCHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 1 you refer to the action brought by the legal representative of the unfortunate person who was lynched at Newark, O., against the County of Licking for damages on account of such lynching, and state that the result of this case will be watched with interest, especially as to the constitutional feature.

In Ohio the constitutionality of such an action has already been upheld. In 1896 the State Legislature passed an act providing that the legal representative of any person suffering death by lynching at the hands of a mob, in any county of the State, should be entitled to recover of the county in which such lynching occurred the sum of $5,000 damages. Shortly thereafter the administrator of Charles W. Mitchell, who was lynched at Urbana, brought an action against the commissioners of Champaign County to recover $5,000 damages, and the Supreme Court of Ohio, in the case of the Commissioners of Champaign County vs. Church, reported in 62 Ohio State, page 318, upheld the constitutionality of such legislation.

At a subsequent session of the Legislature, the law was so amended that hereafter the legal representative may recover a sum not to exceed $5,000 damages. Under the present legislation, the jury will assess the amount of damages, but the constitutionality of the proceeding is settled.

MAX B. MAY.

Cincinnati, December 3.

## A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An editorial in the *Nation* of October 27 contains the following gratuitous statement:

> For his [Dr. Adler's] teachings have spread through the country, not with the amazing speed and rapid accumulation of wealth that marked the development of Mary Baker Eddy's private religious enterprise, but with that soberer, surer growth inevitable when the appeal is to reason, rather than to emotion or passion.

While writing something nice regarding ethical culture, do you not think it would have been wise to have left it in shape to please the Christian Scientists, as well as others? Was it necessary in this connection to fling an insult in the face of Christian Scientists, who include a great many of the most intelligent people of your city and of all cities? Besides, your insinuation gives a very wrong impression. The wealth of the Christian Science movement is due to the voluntary contributions of the beneficiaries of Christian Science. It is true that this religious movement was started by Mrs. Eddy, as every religious movement was started by some one individual. The Christian Science church to-day is world-wide, and all the benefits that it affords are open to the general public, notwithstanding the untiring energy of Mrs. Eddy in its behalf.

ALFRED FARLOW.

Boston, November 29.

## TWO PARALLELS TO "LYCIDAS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One who is familiar with the notable elegies of our language is inevitably impressed with the similarity of their framework and the conventionality of many details in them. The November Eclogue of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" is suggested in "Lycidas," and "Lycidas" has a number of details that are repeated in "Adonais." "In Memoriam" itself resembles here and there the more artificial elegies. But even one who knows this fact is struck by the extent of the conventionality in "Lycidas," as the evidence is presented by Mr. J. H. Hanford in his article on "The Pastoral Elegy and Milton's 'Lycidas'" in the September number of *Modern Language Publications*. Mr. Hanford shows that most of the details of "Lycidas" and many individual passages follow traditions of the pastoral elegy. While his discussion of Milton's poem is fresh in the minds of those interested, I should like to call attention to a slight kinship between "Lycidas" and two non-pastoral English works.

The fanciful poetic machinery of flowers, beasts, nymphs, and goddesses mourning for a dead shepherd, which is frequent in classic elegies, does not, like Milton's use of Camus and St. Peter, symbolize the pursuits and virtues of the dead shepherd, nor does it give occasion for such seriousness and sublimity as Milton's. Typical of Milton's symbolism and seriousness is Greene's "A Maiden's Dream" (1591), an elegy on the death of Sir Christopher Hatton. Here, indeed, pure abstractions, rather than symbolic figures like Camus, form a line of mourners—a device which finds a notable use in "Adonais"—but Greene's poem shows a purposefulness and a weightiness in its symbolism which prepare for "Lycidas," and which doubtless betray the influence of Renaissance standards and conventions. The imparting of an abstract moral significance to their work, whether through the use of type figures or of suggested allegory, was dear to the hearts of Renaissance classicists like Spenser, Jonson, and Milton, however diverse their methods. There are also some parallels between "A Maiden's Dream" and "Lycidas" in phraseology, in the treatment of the virtues of the dead, in the handling of the mourners, in the consolation, and in other details; but these are probably due to a common use of accepted elegiac conventions.

Again, some details of what is assuredly the most notable passage in "Lycidas," the speech of St. Peter with its ominous satire on the abuses of the clergy, may be traced to Skelton's "Colin Clout." Mr. Hanford points out the fact that satire on the ec-

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clesiastics was common in the later pastoral, and that parallels to the speech of St. Peter may be found in the May Eclogue of "The Shepherd's Calendar" (lines 38 ff.). Spenser, I think, was influenced by Skelton, and Milton by both, but more clearly by Skelton in this passage. Many lines of "Colin Clout" are suggestive of the passage in Milton, especially at the first reading, before an attempt is made to compare the two in detail; and certain lines of Skelton's arraignment of prelates will bear a closer comparison with the passage from "Lycidas." For example, Skelton says:

Laye men say indede
How they take no hede
Theyr sely shepe to fede,
But plucke away and pull
The fleces of theyr wull,
Vnethes they leue a locke
Of wull amonges theyr flocke (ll. 75-81).

. . . . . .

And assay to crepe
Within the noble walles
Of the kynges halles,
To fat theyr bodyes full,
Theyr soules lene and dull,
And haue full lytell care
How euyll theyr shepe fare (ll. 125-131).

In "Lycidas" St. Peter rebukes

such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reck'ning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

. . . . . .

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread.

C. R. BASKERVILL.

University of Texas, November 28.

## "MY VOICE AND I."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to correct a wrong impression conveyed by your reviewer in his remark (*Nation*, November 24):

In his "Psychology of Singing," David C. Taylor developed the same idea; and it is surprising that Mrs. Rogers does not refer to his book.

In justice to Mr. Taylor and to myself it seems proper for me to explain that "My Voice and I" was already completed in 1900, at which time the manuscript was, according to my contract, submitted to Harper & Bros., who published my "Philosophy of Singing" in 1893. It was not accepted by them, on the plea that the sale of such a work would be limited. Further reflection led me to believe that the time was not ripe for a psychological treatment of singing, so I laid away my manuscript in its portfolio, where it remained for nearly ten years.

It follows, therefore, that ideas developed by me in 1900 could not have been influenced by David C. Taylor's admirable work, "The Psychology of Singing," published in 1908, nor could I refer to a book which did not then exist. I may therefore say in all humility, my book is "a poor thing, but mine own!" It only remains for me to express my gratification that a man of such high intelligence as Mr. Taylor has reached on so many important issues the same conclusions as myself. CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS.

Boston, December 2.

## A WOOL-GROWER'S FEARS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Senator Gore remarks that the wool schedule is the first point of assault. The Democratic party will no doubt illustrate the effect on the horse of putting a beggar on horseback. We shall have a collection of bills containing all sorts of foolish ideas of the ill-informed, and the voters will discover that they have sown dragons' teeth.

Being the owner of a flock of sheep, I think I know something of the subject—though, of course, this makes it difficult, if not impossible, to get the public ear. The wool was sold for 28 cents a pound this year. It takes a large, well-bred, and well-fed sheep to shear seven pounds. If a large amount of grease is in it, buyers will deduct from the price. The average is not above six pounds. Feed is high and labor also, and the price of wool is now so low that in Washington County, Pa., formerly one of the large wool-growing counties of the United States, the number of sheep has decreased fully one-half in the last fifteen years.

If the tariff on wool is so unreasonable I am unable to understand why wool is not higher, and I am also unable to discover what, in the minds of the low-tariff crowd, would be a reasonable price to the consumer. The mere mention of the wool schedule as the first point of attack shows that the fool-killer is not up and doing.

The Republican party may be characterized as a combination of shrewdness and rascality—that is, it has capacity. The Democratic party is well-meaning, perhaps, but without capacity. Such they will prove again to be, and the people will have to decide whether they prefer an engineer who is a rascal but understands the engine, or a good-intentioned one who doesn't understand and whose experiments may result in an explosion and wreck. W.

Pittsburgh, Pa., November 25.

# Literature.

## HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Frank C. Papé's colored illustrations for "The Pilgrim's Progress" vary a good deal in excellence. The picture, for instance, of Christian Warning Sloth, Simple, and Presumption, is full of character and is pleasant to the eye; whereas The Destruction of Doubting Castle is in a tint to make the eye wince. On the whole, the illustrations will aid in a proper manner the imagination of the young reader. Both pilgrimages are given in the text, which is printed, as it should be, in modern spelling and punctuation. (Dutton, $2.40.)

"Mr. Pickwick," a considerably abridged text of "The Pickwick Papers," has been furnished by Frank Reynolds with twenty-five full-page colored illustrations for holiday dress. The pictures are not in the vein of caricature with which Phiz has associated the doings of the immortal travellers in our memory, although they do not lack humor when humor is necessary. Mr. Pickwick himself presents the round face and spectacles as we know him in the original publication. Sam Weller is changed, and looks to us like anybody but the great "Samivel"; he is not in character. The elder Weller, on the other hand, is excellent. On the whole, the sentimental and picturesque aspects of the story are rather emphasized than the farcical. (Doran, $5 net.)

Whether for copyright reasons or from critical choice, the quarto volume of "Poems by Christina Rossetti" does not contain all the verse published by her brother in the last complete edition. This is altogether an advantage, for Christina wrote too much and too fluently, and a considerable part of her posthumous verse ought never to have been printed. Mrs. Meynell, than whom no one is better qualified for this particular task, contributes an introduction to the present edition. There is, for instance, real insight in these few sentences:

Her poetry is, in a word, true poetry as gold leaf is gold; and sometimes her poems are, as it were, a mere film of poetry. This is true of the least admirable. In the best the unmistakable genius is not only present but important, even great. The poet of "The Convent Threshold" and "Up-Hill," for example, possesses her art in bulk and in condensation. These are brief poems, not little ones. . . . In "The Convent Threshold" there is, I think, more passion than in any other poem written by a woman. In this respect Christina Rossetti surpasses Elizabeth Barrett Browning, abundant as was the earlier poet, and few and reluctant as are here the words of the later.

Of the illustrations, many of them in color, furnished by Florence Harrison, some of them—those, for instance, for the "Goblin Market"—fit the theme very well. But such a picture as that for "Eve" would have shocked the poet and mars the pleasure of the reader. There is too much of Aubrey Beardsley here and there to harmonize with the spirit of Christina Rossetti. (Dana Estes, $6 net.)

To those looking for a religious gift-book, we may recommend Hugh Black's "Comfort," which is printed in ornamental borders, tastefully and without offence to the text. The style of the author's writing is too well known to need special comment. The theme of the present volume is conveyed in the dedication: "To W. B. Macleod, who has learned to comfort others by the comfort wherewith he himself has been comforted of God." (Revell, $1.50 net.)

"Colonial Holidays: Being a collection of contemporary accounts of holiday celebrations in Colonial times," compiled, illustrated, and illuminated by Walter Tittle, is a book sufficiently characterized by its name. Bits of old diaries, letters, and proclamations (notably Washington's) go to make up the record. But why is Pepys included among the Colonials? (Doubleday, Page, $2.50 net.)

The most important thing to be said of the "Sonnets From the Portuguese," edited by Arthur Guiterman, is that the paper and type are beautiful. Mr. Guiterman has also conceived the happy plan of interspersing among the sonnets four of Mrs. Browning's lyrics, inspired by similar themes, and of adding Robert Browning's "One Word More" and "Prospice" in an appendix. A few notes and a brief, appropriate preface complete the volume. (Paul Elder, $1.75.)

A dozen inset illustrations in color have been prepared for Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," by Everard Hopkins. In some of the pictures the figures have the stiff

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pose of photographs, but many lovers of Sterne will be glad to see this philandering hero brought thus visibly before the eye. The press work is excellent. (Putnam, $3 net.)

"One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting," with an introduction by R. C. Witt, suggests nothing more serious at first sight than the drawing-room table, but anthology making is a task worthy of the best talent, and the selecter here has taken his function seriously. The selection begins with Simone Memmi's Annunciation, and ends with the late Charles Furse's Diana of the Uplands. There is courage in our author's choices. Surprises are the still-life painter, Kalf, Baldovinetti (the Madonna of the Louvre), Matthew Maris (in a landscape); and generally these audacities are inspired. We hardly reconcile ourselves to the absence of Giotto. Millais, with Sir Isumbras, seems an uncertain tenant in a house of fame that is too small for Delacroix and Goya. Mantegna possibly puts his worst foot forward in the altar-piece of S. Zeno at Verona. Joseph Israels looks a little like an intruder in this distinguished company. If early Titian abounds, why is early Bellini lacking? Enough of such cavils. To study the prints of this collection is to come to terms with underlying principles of value. (Lane, $4 net.)

"Hamlet," dressed point-devise for the holidays, is added to the sumptuous editions of four other Shakespearean plays. The story is told, superfluously enough, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, as a preface, but the feature of the edition is W. G. Simmonds's thirty excellently well done pictures in color, met at frequent intervals from frontispiece to final scene, where four scarlet-robed captains bear the Prince, like a soldier, to the stage. (Doran, $4.50.)

Goldsmith's plays, "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good-Natured Man," are issued in well-made volumes, with large type, with illustrations in color from original drawings by Frederick Simpson Coburn. One can only regret that the author could not have seen his comedies in such handsome form. (Putnam, $2.50 net each.)

"Stories of the Menehunes" is a selection of four legends from Thomas G. Thrum's "Hawaiian Folk Tales." The illustrations are of Hawaiian scenes. (McClurg, 50 cents net.)

James Whitcomb Riley's "A Hoosier Romance" is adorned with eight full-page pictures in three printings, and thirty illustrations in black and white, from drawings by John Wolcott Adams. In addition the background of each page is a delicate pearl-gray, outlining a Hoosier farm-scene. The whole setting is distinctly suited to the poem. (Century, $1.50 net.)

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is a story by Weymer Jay Mills, with pictures and decorations by John Rae. Of the former there are eleven, full-page, in color, while hearts and Cupids figure in most of the latter. The time of the story gives the illustrations the special interest of representations of the New York of Washington Irving's day. (Dodd, $2.)

No better choice for a holiday edition could have been made than "The Poems of Oliver Goldsmith," which, for simple sweetness and the charm of humble reflection, have always appealed, like the Christmas spirit, straight to the heart. The attractiveness of the poems is increased in the present issue by photogravures from original designs by Frederick Simpson Coburn, of which it would be futile to single out any for particular notice; there is a homely grace in them all, down even to "the noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool." The long introduction by Horatio Sheafe Krans furnishes a biography showing sympathy and understanding. (Putnam, $1.50.)

"Passages from the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer" is another of the carefully made Mosher books. The selections, which have been chosen by Clara Sherwood Stevens, are taken from the "First Principles," the "Principles of Biology," of "Psychology," of "Sociology," and of "Ethics," and from miscellaneous works, in this order. A most commendable feature of the book is the addition to each selection of the number of volume and page where it may be found in the complete edition of Spencer's works. (Thomas B. Mosher, $1.50 net.)

"'Our Village,' by Mary Russell Mitford, with an introduction by Anne Thackeray Ritchie; one hundred illustrations by Hugh Thomson, and sixteen colored plates from drawings by Alfred Rawlings," is every whit as lovely as the elaborate title-page would signify. The drawings catch with success the faint, droll humor of the author, and set forth most of the moments and types of the village which readers will remember. Although highly colored, the plates are not overdone; there are the fields and hedgerows and red roofs, the low background of blue hills; the witchery of hyacinths and foxgloves and iris, with which Miss Mitford tempted the erring doctor back to Swallowfield; and other charms of sky and woodland. Those who have half-forgot the author's buoyant struggle with her purse, and her fame, will find the introduction most informing (Macmillan, $3.50 net.)

The peculiar feature of the "Oxford and Cambridge," delineated by Hanslip Fletcher, is, as the name implies, the inclusion of both universities within the same covers, thus affording interesting points of comparison. Mr. Fletcher's pictures in black and white vary singularly in manner and quality. In some, *e. g.*, the Porch of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, which forms the frontispiece, he has reproduced the mellow effect of age that is characteristic of the Oxford architecture; others, *e. g.*, the Tower of Magdalen College from the Bridge, are hard and lacking in atmosphere. As a whole, the result is successful. The text consists of an Introduction by J. Willis Clark, registrary of the University of Cambridge, and of chapters on the different colleges by various hands. Mr. Clark deals with the older period of the universities, and writes in no perfunctory vein. Thus (page 23) he corrects a common misunderstanding which supposes that the students originally lived like monks. The chapters are historical and descriptive, and together give a fairly complete survey of the universities. (Wessels & Bissell, $6 net.)

The "Green Willow, and other Japanese Tales," for the most part translated by the collector, Grace James, are not for children, but for readers who have learned to savor the peculiar pathos, not of tears, but as it were of a sorrow long ago, that runs through so many of the legends and stories of Japan. The translator has not the unique power of Lafcadio Hearn, who could retain all the delicacy of touch of the original, yet freight it with deeper, haunting meanings; but her English is good, and the little tales have an exquisite simplicity. Warwick Goble has furnished forty full-page illustrations in color that must rank with the best of the season. They are half Oriental and half Western in effect, without incongruity. The colors are clear, and in some cases have the tone of painting on ivory. We have not seen a more charming book this year. (Macmillan, $5 net.)

"The Way to Peace," a new story by Margaret Deland, is put forth in an edition specially illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens for the holiday season. Besides several full-page pictures, there are faint marginal designs and a cover gay within the limits of a certain intentional bleakness. The story itself is little more than an unembodied theme which might have been applied to any of a dozen settings. A restless young woman, finding that her married life does not give ample outlet to her feelings, leaves it for a while with her husband's grudging permission, to discover later that the experiment has lost her his love, which she now dearly craves. In the present instance, Athalia Hall joins herself for two years to the life of single devotion of a Shaker settlement, while her husband, Lewis, a country squire, camps in a nearby cottage. When Athalia, with a regenerate view of marriage, feverishly moves out of the settlement, Lewis, to her surprise and undoing, calmly moves in—a convert. (Harper, $1.50.)

The "Collected Verse" of Rudyard Kipling has appeared in an edition handsomely illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. Kipling's imagination is of the sort which visualizes even when concerned with the strange, the lurid, the other-worldly, so that an artist could not go far wrong; and yet Mr. Robinson shows an accurate attention to details which implies a careful and sympathetic study of the text. One of the best of the pictures catches perfectly the piquant despair of these lines in "The Last Chantey":

> Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
> Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:
> "Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
> And the tune is something hard—
> *May we lift a deep-sea chantey such as seamen use at sea?*"

"The Three Decker" and "Tomlinson" are also subjects which no ambitious illustrator would pass by; they are both well done. (Doubleday, Page, $3.50 net.)

Bret Harte's romance of "Salomy Jane" now appears for the first time in a separate edition, with illustrations in color and otherwise by Harrison Fisher and Arthur I. Keller (Salomy's liberating kiss being in both categories), with marginal decorations, and with a binding in blue and gold. To say that the faultless daintiness of the volume scarcely accords with the rough-diamond quality of the story would be meticulous. (Houghton Mifflin Co., $1.)

Joseph Bédier's interesting experiment—in which he attempted to revive the Tristram legend for the man of to-day in its most ancient form by translating the extant fragment of Béroul, or the middle of Béroul's narrative, and by reconstructing

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the rest from the numerous outlying versions—has been turned into English by Florence Simmonds, and issued in a handsome edition. There are a score of illustrations by Maurice Lalau wherein are designated with varying success the courtly shimmer and opulence, the airily-by-the-wayness, the mystery which form the elements in any modern retrospect to those mediæval days. (Lippincott, $3.75 net.)

One of the most elaborate of the gift-book editions is that containing the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" on pages provided with marginal designs and artistically wrought commentaries; the type, specially constructed, trails in grapevine figures. The book is illustrated in color by Willy Pogány, who is best known for his illustrations of "The Rubáiyát," and although in visualizing the supernatural, as in this epic of a sea having laws unto itself, there could never be agreement on the part of many, Coleridge's descriptive hints have been followed faithfully. All of the artist's work has a very decided interest. (Crowell, $5 net.)

A. M. Broadley's sumptuously illustrated two volumes on "Napoleon in Caricature" may be mentioned here among the holiday publications, although it will at a later date be reviewed at length. J. Holland Rose contributes an introductory essay on "Pictorial Satire as a Factor in Napoleonic History." (Lane, $12.50 net.)

## RAILWAY PROBLEMS.

*American Railway Problems in the Light of European Experience:* or, Government Regulation vs. Government Operation of Railways. By Carl S. Vrooman. New York: Henry Frowde. $2 net.

*Government Ownership of Railways*, Considered as the Next Great Step in American Progress. By Anthony Van Wagenen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

*Railroad Administration.* By Ray Morris. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

Whatever one may think of the views expressed by Mr. Vrooman, one is likely, having taken up his book, to read it to the end. For it is a dispassionate and painstaking account of the experience of various countries with the problems of government regulation or ownership, and withal so entertaining that the views expressed appear not merely plausible, but well-nigh convincing. To be sure, it exploits a thesis. The author is a firm believer in the ultimate nationalization of the railways of the United States. Rather than have this policy come upon us suddenly and find us unprepared to grapple with it, as was the case with Italy, we should anticipate the future by devising as efficient a system of regulation as possible. If such a system of control should prove entirely successful, we should have accomplished what no other nation has yet done; if it should fail, the next step would be government ownership. And fail it must, in the author's opinion, for after a certain point is reached any increase in regulation becomes inelastic, cumbersome, and burdensome to the public and the carriers. Regulation can be nothing but a phase in the education of the nation. "The railways of the country to-day are being operated under a suspended sentence of nationalization."

With this underlying conviction, Mr. Vrooman aims to demonstrate that government ownership, if brought about in a conservative manner, is not so dangerous as most of us believe. His method of treatment is to take up one problem after another, and show how it has been met in various countries under the differing conditions of government and corporate management. Although he properly rejects as unscientific any attempt to decide the question by a detailed comparison of European and American railways, yet the method he adopts, which compares government-owned with private railways in the same country, is likewise inconclusive. For in any country in which the policy of government ownership predominates, private railways are at such a disadvantage, and have so little incentive to efficiency, that they can hardly be accepted as fair examples of the results of private initiative. One comparison he does make which appears to have real validity—that between the French Northern, a private road, and the Belgium system; but here he is under some difficulty to sustain his thesis that the government-owned road is, all things considered, the more beneficial to the public.

Mr. Vrooman very properly selects our accident record as one of the weak spots in American railway management, yet a study of English statistics makes it evident that reform may be brought about without nationalization. His discussion of the spoils system in relation to government ownership is hardly convincing to an American, for he confines himself to a description of the civil service in Belgium, Switzerland, and Prussia. Such illustrations can hardly reconcile one to the thought of injecting a million railway employees into the civil service of the United States. Nor does he dispose satisfactorily of the most potent argument against the European system—its lack of elasticity in meeting the requirements of the shipping community.

In spite of occasional lapses into unwarranted denunciation, and in spite of the use at times of statistical data in such manner as to create a false impression, Mr. Vrooman's presentation of the case is a fair one from his point of view. But his final conclusion puts the whole question beyond the reach of argument, for he insists that, cost what it may in time or money, nationalization is a luxury that no nation can afford to be without—which is, of course, a matter of opinion.

Mr. Van Wagenen's book is of quite a different stamp. He would have government ownership at once. Four-fifths of the nations of the world have adopted it, and cowardice alone prevents us from following in their footsteps. His book contains much more generalization than information, and much more denunciation than argument. He is reckless in the use of statistics, and frequently inconsistent in statement. One or two examples will suffice. To demonstrate the growth in railway casualities, he uses the year 1907, in which 610 passengers were killed. Yet that year was an unusual one, in which the number killed was fourteen per cent. higher than the next highest year for which statistics are available, and 75 per cent. above the average for the ten years which he is considering. His statement that in round numbers, the railways kill annually 12,000 persons is quite erroneous, for, although the number killed, including trespassers and all, was 11,839 in the unusual year 1907, this figure has never been equalled before or since, and the average number killed between 1888 and 1909 was a little less than 8,000. The case is bad enough without exaggeration. When arguing for a reduction in rates, the author calls attention to the fact that rebates have to a great extent been abolished, but in another connection he contends that railways are undertaking to collect from consumers generally millions which they pay in rebates. Dividends are paid on "billions of watered stock" by railways whose crude methods are the "sorry misfit of the times," and this utterly demoralized system of railways is contrasted with the superb management by the Government of our postal system and rural free delivery! The reason that we entered upon government regulation, rather than ownership a quarter of a century ago was because the "men who look after the railway interests in the Congress of the United States" procured the passage of the Interstate Commerce act, and turned public attention away from government ownership.

Among those who like this form of attack, the book may receive a welcome, but among thinking men, it will find few sympathetic readers and no converts. Mr. Van Wagenen declares in his preface that he approached the publication of his book with much hesitation, and that he offered his contribution only because no one else had presented this side of the question. After reading it, one wonders whether his excuse was altogether sufficient. Both Mr. Vrooman and Mr. Van Wagenen err in implying that government ownership is a question of principle. The history of the movement demonstrates indisputably that it is merely a question of expediency, and, for the present at least, the people of the United States do not

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regard railway nationalization as expedient.

Mr. Morris's book on "Railroad Administration" has little to do with problems of regulation, but is rather a consideration of the railway as a working machine. Yet mention of it in this connection is not out of place, for in many ways its clear analysis of railway methods is an answer to the charges so carelessly made by Mr. Van Wagenen. When one follows in detail the extraordinary organization which has been built up to do the work of transportation, the efforts now making to improve the physical conditions of the properties, and the various methods of cost-keeping and of statistical comparison that have been devised to promote efficiency of operation, and then compares the conduct of this industry with that of a government bureau or investigating commission, with its wasteful use of public funds—a condition familiar to all who have come into contact with governmental methods in this country—one is amazed to find a writer like Van Wagenen advocating government ownership because of our "crude, disorganized, unscientific system of railways." A careful reading of Mr. Morris's chapter on Control through Statistics, one of the best in the book, should effectually dispose of that indictment.

The book is evidently intended as a manual for those who are engaged in railway service or who desire to enter it. It is a weakness of present day railway organization that the rank and file know only the work of their own department, and are almost entirely ignorant of the industry as a whole. This volume should give them the point of view from which they will be able to correlate their duties with those of their fellows in the organization of which they are a part. Largely of a descriptive character, the treatise opens with a chapter on the physical and financial beginnings of a railway, and continues with discussions of railway organization on large and small roads, on British railways, and on the government-owned roads of Germany, Italy, and India. In another chapter, that on financial organization, attention is given to the various kinds of securities issued. The author does not believe in the control of capitalization, and maintains that capitalization and rates have no relation to one another. Commissions, he thinks, are not likely to accomplish any permanent useful effects, and the result of endowing them with rate-making power will be to keep rates at a higher level than they would be if unregulated. The only beneficial effect of such bodies is in their function as safety-valves for popular indignation. While we may not agree with this somewhat extreme position, we can endorse the author's contention that the recent popular uprising against the railways was largely due to railway blundering, and that a more consistent effort to conciliate, rather than antagonize, would do much to remove the source of popular discontent. The volume is supplied with many charts, illustrating various forms of railway organization.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*John Winterbourne's Family.* By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Miss Brown's world is inexhaustibly peopled with original characters which defy classification under any ordinary rules. From simple to subtle they range, but perhaps her forte is the exposition of the subtle in the seeming simple. No person is too insignificant outwardly to take a part in her drama, and the part is always a complex one because every human being is a complicated being. The sweeping of a hearth, the polishing of a table, the caprice of a child, the mood of a woman, are affairs of portent. Events are seldom exciting, yet one reads with almost gasping interest, breathing an air thick with the weight of small but immensely significant affairs. Her characters often are not in the least like any whom one has met, but they move with an authority no more to be disputed than that of the creatures of mythology. There is, indeed, not a little of the mythological in Miss Brown's New Englander.

John Winterbourne seeking to evade the "Tyranny of Things," and to sit by his fireside reading Theocritus, is at once a simple, single-hearted man, and a great, striving, resisting, natural force. Mrs. Ramsay, leaving her children daily while she lectures on causes, is no mere Mrs. Jellyby, but a faulty humanitarian on a large scale. Bess, daughter of earth, sweeping, cooking, ministering, is a domesticated Valkyr. Little happens throughout the story that is not homely, but the way in which it happens gives it profound and universal meaning. No need to sketch the plot. It deals with nothing more thrilling outwardly than domestic incompatibilities and the patenting of an ear-trumpet. But to the inner man it makes fervent appeal with its insight into human relations and its silent plea for right living and for strict attention to one's "job," however little time it leaves one for reading Theocritus. It is a noteworthy book, homelier but higher than "Rose MacLeod."

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*Pan's Mountain.* By Amélie Rives. New York: Harper & Bros.

This tale owes its unusual and very palpable atmosphere to the strangely endowed heroine at its centre. Dione, although of modern birth, is a pagan. The mingling of Servian and Italian blood in her veins inclines her to regard, and, more, to feel, the old deities of whom her father told her, as real, and she pours midnight libations to the god, except for her unworshipped, whose haunt she fancies to be on the lake-guarded height, which she has rechristened Pan's Mountain. This intellectual unconventionality reappears in her unqualified frankness. But, however strange, she is never unreal. Exalted happiness and unfathomable bitterness find expression in words and actions that are consonant with her direct, elemental nature. As a creation of fiction, especially of recent fiction, Dione is refreshingly individual. Her few fellow-actors on the narrow stage are not dimly drawn, but none of them can vie with her in compelling the interest of their auditors. Adverse criticism must content itself with pointing out faults of style, and here it cannot be gainsaid that the author is decidedly overfond of the simile, which produces a slight effect of monotony. An odd error is the use of a form of "lay" for one of "lie," which occurs twice.

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*The Caravaners.* By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

This author's specialties, as her readers well know, are Man, Prussia, and above all, Prussian Man. She has approached or rather attacked them from many points, and now she surpasses herself in ingenuity by choosing as the sally-port for her onslaught the mouth of Prussian Man himself. Baron von Ottringel, major of a Prussian artillery regiment, conceives the idea of celebrating by a journey the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. True, his silver-wedding wife has been dead for some years, but the institution has persisted with a negligible twelve months' forced interruption. Surely the Major was right in his reply to the later wife who questioned its being "their" silver-wedding. He tells the tale himself:

> "Dear wife," I retorted, surprised, "you know very well that it is mine, and what is mine is also by law yours, and that, therefore, without the least admissible logical doubt, it *is* yours:"

The trip leads the Baron and his wife with a few friends to "caravaning" in England. For a moment, one expects a cheerful gypsying story with adventures and scenery and the international picnic touch. Instead of this, it is a protracted, unconscious confession of unbroken caddishness from one properly characterized by a fellow camper as "a very grievous bounder." He is insufferable in every direction; conspicuously so in all that concerns the differences between his own country and England; most of all in the relation of any Prussian husband to any wife. What with bad weather, bad roads, insufficient food, and an occasionally in-

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subordinate wife, the warlike Major had a sorry trip. And truth to tell, although the self-revelation is at points amusing, particularly in those moments when the Baron is in the act of violently not taking a joke, four hundred pages of ill-natured caricature must needs pall.

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*The Court of Lucifer.* By Nathan Gallizier. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Mr. Gallizier's picture of the Rome of the Borgias is huge, confused, and hideous. All the notorious crimes of Cesare Borgia, all the licentious excesses and voluptuous festivities of the papal court, all the turbulent political and military activities of sixteenth-century Italy, though resolutely pressed down and shaken together, still amount to rather more than a fair bookful. The author finds his pretext for this exhibition of horrors in vindicating the character of the maligned Lucrezia, enlarging and wresting to this purpose an authentically recorded incident. In negotiating the fifth marriage of his fair daughter, Pope Alexander VI met with considerable resistance on the part of the prospective bridegroom, Alfonso of Este, whose aversion had been aroused by Lucrezia's evil reputation and the fate of her former husbands. Only when she reached Castle Bentivoglio, the last stage of her nuptial progress from Rome to Ferrara, did he visit her—in disguise—then seeing her for the first time. By this tardy interview his reluctance seems to have been immediately and permanently dispelled, and his subsequently justified faith in the lady's innocence established.

In the present version Alfonso is represented as coming to Rome in the guise of a Knight Hospitaller (there is also a tournament reminiscent of Ivanhoe) to investigate for himself the foundation of Lucrezia's ill-fame. Through an incredible profusion of nocturnal adventure in grotto, grove, subterranean passage, dungeon, banquet hall, catacombs, deserted convent, and lady's bower, he arrives at an impassioned conviction of Lucrezia's spotless innocence, and a complete insight into the monstrous machinations of her fell brother, Cesare.

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*The Scourge.* By Warrington Dawson. New York: Small, Maynard & Co.

A powerfully written story of the South during the Reconstruction period. The hero, the adopted son of the only rich man in the community, is a street waif who saves his employer's life by quick wit, and is literally picked from the slums. The elder man, also risen from the ranks, tries to raise the boy, to fill his place, but the hero refuses all refining influences, until he falls in love with a Southern girl of the oldest family in the town, and imbued with all the prejudices that would imply. Even then he does not try to change except by giving up the fortune his father has left, conditional on his not marrying. With all his lack of breeding he manages to leave a powerful impression, while the slim, well-bred heroine fades into misty lines. The book is well written, with the exception of occasional dialogues between the heroine and the mother, but these are not frequent.

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*The Prodigal Pro Tem.* By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Mr. Bartlett has written a diverting and somewhat original tale, with a fair measure of bright dialogue. The scene is laid in the Catskills and concerns a woman and two men, one of whom is an artist, the other a musician. To save a blind man's life and reason the artist plays the rôle of the prodigal son who has refused to return home, and the complications that ensue are numerous and humorously related. The author's characters act like human beings, and, in spite of her sharp tongue, one cannot help liking Aunt Philomela and understanding how Eleanor, with her charming manner, proved to be an inspiration both to the artist who longed to paint her, and to the musician who felt that only with her could he write his best songs and symphonies. It is a book one finishes with regret, for it contains nothing disagreeable and much to amuse.

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## A GREAT PUBLISHER.

*Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan.* By Charles L. Graves. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

Mr. Graves had a plain tale to tell and he has told it somewhat drily. Nevertheless his book is profoundly interesting. The success achieved by the Macmillans was far from the ordinary rise of the canny Scot. It could not have been achieved without commercial ability, but still less could it have been achieved by commercial ability alone. Its history involves a good deal of the history of English ideas in the nineteenth century, and Daniel and Alexander Macmillan have a clear title to a place among the honorable company of great publishers. They had, of course, being Scots, a remarkable mother. "My mother," wrote Alexander to Guizot, "was a woman of very devout nature and habits, whose daily life was, as I believe, lived as in the conscious presence of God. She had a very noble, sweet nature, and a certain serenity and sweetness of mind that I have hardly ever met with in any other human being." Amid the drudgery of bringing up a numerous family with scanty means, she found time to read. There is a tradition that a visitor calling on her in her old age found her in bed with her black mutch on her head, reading Cary's Dante. The excellent father, as is also common in remarkable Scotch families, occupied the humble subsidiary position of St. Joseph. "From her," wrote Daniel, "we take any mental superiority we may have."

Alexander's meagre schooling ceased when he was fifteen. From that time, he earned his own living, such as it was, and, in 1843, when he was twenty-five years old, he formed a partnership with his brother Daniel, and opened the retail book-shop in Cambridge at No. 1 Trinity Street, which presently became famous as a kind of literary centre for the university. Dr. Sebastian Evans, who was an undergraduate of Emmanuel College in the early fifties, gives a picture of Alexander Macmillan's relations with the students:

> During my undergraduateship at Emmanuel not a single one of my supposed instructors, from first to last, ever betrayed the faintest indication of any interest in me personally. . . . The men of light and leading in the college were few, and, so far as the ordinary undergraduates were concerned, they neither lighted nor led. . . . Most of the students socially belonging to the middle class went up to college as a necessary preliminary to entering holy orders. It was among these candidates for future ordination that I regard Alec's influence as having been at once most powerfully and most beneficially exercised. Here was a born teacher and preacher about a dozen years older than themselves, a man of striking and varied gifts, of shrewd insight and large experience, always sympathetically interested in young men at the outset of life who came to him for intellectual guidance and help. . . . For many a year after I had left Cambridge, in listening to a preacher unknown to me, his use of some tell-tale catch-word or turn of thought would identify him to me as having at some time or other come under Macmillan's influence, and more than once or twice I was afterwards able to verify my inference. . . . The gap left open between teachers and taught at Cambridge was filled only by a Scot, not in holy orders and in no way connected with the educational arrangements of the university.

The purchase of the Cambridge shop was made possible by a loan of £500 from Archdeacon Hare, made at Hare's own instance. Daniel Macmillan had read Hare's "Guesses at Truth," in 1840, and had written to the author to express his interest. Hare was impressed by his admirer's intelligence and not only helped to set him up in business, but introduced him to Maurice. When the brothers ventured into publishing a few years later, Maurice became one of their earliest and most valuable authors, valuable not only for the influence of his own books and the reputation they brought the firm, but for his friendly service in introducing other authors, of whom Kingsley was probably the chief. In 1862, J. R. Green wrote to a friend, "Pray introduce me to Macmillan, if such a thing be possi-

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ble. Among the Kingsley and Stanley set, Macmillan is the pet publisher of the day." From this time on, the Macmillan lists and Alexander's letters reflect more and more the history of Victorian ideas from 1860 to 1890. Among the books of these years bearing the firm's imprint may be cited Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature," Freeman's "History of Federal Government," Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," Matthew Arnold's "Essays in Criticism," Sir William Thompson's "Constitution of Matter," "Ecce Homo," "John Inglesant," "Alice in Wonderland," and the two series, "English Men of Letters," and "The Golden Treasury." As a Scot, Macmillan was a theologian. The movement that brought about the Abolition of Religious Tests in 1871 was largely conducted by his friends, and it interested him keenly in all its aspects. The publication of "Essays and Reviews" and the adventures of Bishop Colenso inspire some of his most animated letters. But if theology was his favorite pastime, he had also a profound and active religion, exerting itself in constant acts of kindliness and public spirit.

The professional correspondence and decisions of Alexander Macmillan give evidence of a high view of the publisher's responsibility. His conscience went into his work. He refused certain books, for which there was a fair prospect of profit, because he did not believe them to be honestly written books. This did not mean that he was unwilling to associate his imprint with books with which he did not agree. He held to his opinions, it is true, with Scotch tenacity, but he was ready to publish a book that traversed them, if he believed it honestly written and of a kind to bring any real contribution to the subject. He gave personal attention to a large part of the examination of manuscripts, and his letters in regard to these are full, discriminating, and sympathetic. Highly interesting is a letter written in 1868 to decline the first novel of Thomas Hardy, entitled "The Poor Man and the Lady." Macmillan's very careful and elaborate criticism was apparently regarded by Hardy as final. Although his relations with his authors were for the most part friendly in the extreme, he could express himself with point when the literary temperament tried him too far. The sorrows of the publisher are a department of human suffering that have never been sufficiently laid before the public. They speak eloquently in a letter of Macmillan to a correspondent who had charged him with unfairness and prejudice:

> My private tastes are my own; but if I allowed them to interfere with an obligation to do justice to a client, I am guilty of breach of trust, morally if not legally; I can safely say, because it is capable of proof, that your books have given me more labor, letter-writing, expense, and anxiety than the most successful I ever published. . . . I am not going to recriminate, but the time of a publisher is as valuable as that of a lawyer. I gave hours of consultation with you in Cambridge, when you were pleased to honor me by consulting my private tastes. Since then at least 100 letters have been written by me from a nervous anxiety to do my duty by you. I do not and never would have complained that any profit that I get from your work does not pay my errand boy. I take things as they come, seeking to do my best for all whose work I undertake. But I do complain that when doing this at great inconvenience in the midst of profitable, appreciated, and successful work, entailing not a tithe of the proportionate labor yours has done, I am accused of the baseness of allowing personal likes or dislikes to interfere with my plain duty.

Alexander Macmillan died in 1896, having survived his brother Daniel by thirty-nine years. It appears that of the brothers, Daniel had the larger imagination and the larger ambition; while he lived he was the leader. But the achievements of the house after his death until 1896 are due to Alexander alone. It is probable that the history of publishing gives no parallel instance of so extended and important a development of a publishing house in the same space of time. It is interesting to note, in view of Macmillan's great financial success, that his tendency seems always to have been towards books likely to prove of permanent interest, rather than to "books of the season."

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*English Literature During the Lifetime of Shakespeare.* By Felix E. Schelling. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50 net.

After Professor Schelling's two-volume work on "Elizabethan Drama," one knows what to expect of him in literary history. By way of equipment: a style frequently overcharged with facts, but never languid, digestion of the results of recent scholarship, fresh and wide contact with the original material, enthusiasm for his subject, and an enlightened orthodoxy in his judgments. By way of method: a rearrangement of the facts of literary history, so as to emphasize the existence of schools, the character of literary movements, and the development of specific literary kinds.

In a brief preface Professor Schelling speaks a word in behalf of his method. "Until the history of literature cuts loose," he says, "from the tyranny of biography, as history at large has long since cut loose, little progress can be made toward the realization of the higher aims of literary study." He enters, too, a timely protest against the trivial and frivolous search for sources as ends in themselves. And he suggests with rare common-sense certain limits to the value of the study of foreign influences. To insist as he does by precept and example that the "discoveries" of our solemn investigators are insignificant till they have been related by some mind with a talent for synthesis to the larger issues of literary study, is to let light into a very dark place.

Chief among the larger issues, Professor Schelling places the recognition of those forces "by which even the greatest man becomes the product of his age." This arouses expectation. We look about for the "formula" that explains the Age of Shakespeare—indication of the forces of which Spenser and Jonson and Webster are the perplexingly divergent resultants. But Professor Schelling is not much enticed by the dangerous and difficult task of a fundamental unification. It is not the homogeneity, but the extreme diversity of Elizabethan literature that impresses him. He sees the movment of the times, not in the form of a great wave, but as a succession of little waves, broken up by cross-winds and currents. And the primary effect of his book is not to simplify, but to multiply our conceptions of the period.

The striking merit of his treatment is his ability—if we may borrow a phrase from dramatic criticism—to handle elaborate characterization within a highly complex plot. Though he constantly subordinates the individual to the type and its tendencies, he does not blur the outlines of the great personalities. He makes Shakespeare dominate the book, and yet exhibits him as the product and the producer of the romantic tradition. He portrays Jonson with equal distinctness at the centre of the classical reaction. He differentiates the vernacular from the new cultivated prose fathered by Lyly, and that, in turn, from the reformed prose of Sidney. He traces the Petrarchian stream of poetry to the point where it is traversed by the subtle imagination of Donne. Everywhere he attempts to see to it that his accumulated masses of detail shall not remain inert, but perform their function in the characterization of their species.

We may not entirely agree with Professor Schelling as to the "higher aims" of literary study. We may incline to believe with Sidney that the ultimate fruit of study is to come to some conclusion as to what is permanently great, valuable, and beautiful—"the divine consideration of what may be, and should be." In these sterner offices of criticism, he is occasionally somewhat reluctant and indecisive. He does not, for example, pronounce judgment on the central issue between Jonson and Shakespeare, between Elizabethan romanticism and neo-classicism. Indeed, such an utterance as this leads one to suspect that he has not clearly defined the issue: "Not less eager

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in the pursuit of beauty than the Spenserian, the manner of Jonson seeks to realize her perfections by means of constructive excellence, not by entranced passion." As a matter of fact, it was not merely another means of realizing beauty that Jonson adopted; it was another beauty that he sought. Again, Professor Schelling speaks of those laborious failures, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," as "splendid examples of Jonson's power practically to apply his just and reasonable classical theories about tragedy and literary art to current English conditions." It would make the matter plainer to call these two plays striking evidence that Jonson was a modern man, that he had turned his back upon the ideal beauty and terror of Elizabethan romanticism, that he alone, therefore, among dramatists of his rank in the period, was unable to write anything worthy the name of tragedy. The obscurer form of speech, however, is natural enough to one who approaches literature from the scientific-historical point of view.

And when all is said, the praise to which Professor Schelling aspires he indubitably deserves. He has written the literary history of a great age with open and disinterested mind. He has cut loose from the "tyranny of biography," and has related his facts to what is at least one of the higher aims of literary study. It is not too much to say that no other book of similar compass presents so fully and organically the complex literary activities of Englishmen from the birth to the death of Shakespeare.

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*The Lady:* Studies of Certain Significant Phases of Her History. By Emily James Putnam. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Garrod, in his brilliant little book, "The Religion of All Good Men," sought, not long since, to prove, with much plausibility, that the gentleman was a wholly modern institution, that his sole effective religion—that of honor—was neither Christian, Greek, Roman, nor Hebraic, but Teutonic, in its origin, and that, as a corollary, there is no example of the gentleman in history until he was developed by the social system and ideals of the Middle Ages. In the same way, it may be argued that the lady was likewise an exclusively mediæval product, the resuit of a special sentiment for womanhood that finds no counterpart in ancient societies. Certainly the word "lady" has definite, if somewhat indefinable associations that render insufficient and unsatisfactory Mrs. Putnam's practical and provisional description of her as merely "the female of the favored social class."

The conception and status of the lady have, obviously, shifted and changed from generation to generation, but the traditions of chivalry have never failed to color both, and to make of her something wholly different from any precedent feminine type. Mrs. Putnam herself offers an excellent example of this in her admirable chapter on The Lady of the Slave States, where she compares the woman of the South, in her domestic employments and lack of personal freedom, with the Greek woman of the age of Pericles. The parallel is very close, but the author herself notes the point of departure when she says of the latter:

> No sentiment had arisen in her day to mask the issue. If she was constrained to an exacting profession, no one obscured the fact by calling her a queen, or with a much stronger connotation of leisure, an angel. In the case of the lady of the plantation we are misled by her husband's vocabulary, which is that of the twelfth century. It is hard to realize that he could combine the manner and phrases of the minnesinger with the practice of the ancient Athenian.

But one may be grateful for the latitude which permits the inclusion of two such alien types as the Greek housewife and the Roman matron, for the sake of the delightful chapters in which Mrs. Putnam portrays their physiognomy, though these are in no wise superior to the subsequent chapters which treat of The Lady Abbess, The Lady of the Castle, The Lady of the Renaissance, The Lady of the Salon, The Lady of the Blue Stockings, and The Lady of the Slave States. In one place, Mrs. Putnam speaks of the lady's "usually light equipment of learning" as "a positive advantage to her in conversation," and remarks that "the intellectual irresponsibility which she enjoys by consent, enables her to be paradoxical without losing credit and flippant without giving pain." Her own play of paradox, epigram, and delicate raillery shows how much these qualities can please and stimulate from the pen of a woman, when learning and intellectual responsibility to facts are patent at every point. She has the imaginative gift of seeing things in their remote relations, whether these are actual or analogical. She can detect the social significance of the staircase that Madame de Rambouillet built at the corner of her house, instead of at the centre according to the custom of her contemporaries, and find in it the seed whence sprang the salon of the eighteenth century. She perceives that the insurgent Germanic lady of the dark ages found her freedom in a cloister, and thus decides that "the lady abbess is in some sort the descendant of the Amazon." She divines, even if she cannot plumb, the law of dress which associates far distant ages of civilization, as in the case of the "farthingale." Thus, "ladies so different in temperament as Madame de Maintenon and Queen Victoria witnessed its vigorous revival. If we can determine from its career thus far the law that governs its appearance, we must say that it coincides with times that we call great. Antecedently improbable, it is nevertheless true that the ugliest, most meaningless, and most fantastic dress ever donned by woman in Europe has prevailed in the great Minoan period of the Mediterranean civilization, in the Renaissance, in the Elizabethan period, in the France that prepared the Revolution, in the England of the mid-Victorian giants and in the United States of the War for the Union."

Frequently this wit takes a deeper turn and helps to illuminate some obscure phrase of racial or social psychology. Speaking of the fear in which the Southern gentleman lived, and which made isolation from the intellectual currents of the age his sole safeguard, she says:

> The planter was forced to build his moral house for defence, as the baron of the twelfth century was forced to build his physical house. Light and air were necessarily sacrificed to the requirements of fortification. The history of the Middle Ages is largely a history of the growth of walls induced by the improvements in the machinery of assault. So is the history of the slaveholding South. As the castellan developed his means of defence from the simple wall and tower to the mathematical complexity of the twelfth-century fortress, so the planter developed his moral position as the attack became more systematic; and every addition to his defences meant increased isolation.

But one could quote thus from nearly every page of this book, where there is always some unexpected turn of phrase or of thought to surprise the reader and to induce reflection. The only quality which one misses is, on the whole, sentiment. The modern woman, eager for the enfranchisement of her sex from a man-made and a man-governed world, is apt to show impatience to-day with the ideal of the lady which so clearly reflects masculine influences and aspirations, and to dismiss her as a parasite. A sense of her economic uselessness interferes with Mrs. Putnam's æsthetic appreciation of her subject, as it would not with that of a man writing on the same theme; and a thoroughly feminine realism dispels much of the romance that, for the male mind, would prolong its enchantments, even in the face of such bare facts as she adduces to prove that the life of the Lady of the Castle was hard and monotonous, and that the refinements of the Renaissance concealed the decay of cleanliness. But so natural and unavoidable a limitation of sympathy scarcely diminishes the fascination of the work, or prevents its being a most charming and graceful contribution to American literary scholarship.

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*Studies in Spiritism.* By Amy E. Tanner. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

The aim of this book is to analyze thoroughly the evidence for spirit communication and telepathy, test it rigorously and scientifically, and see whether the really substantiated facts are best accounted for on a spiritistic or a naturalistic hypothesis. The book is the outcome of a long and systematic investigation carried on by Dr. G. Stanley Hall and his special assistant, Dr. Amy E. Tanner. Though the body of the work is written by Miss Tanner, the influence of Dr. Hall is evident, and he concurs in the conclusions arrived at. The Introduction, moreover, and one of the chapters are written by him. It is probably advantageous for the influence of the book that Dr. Hall did not write the whole of it, for his Introduction is colored by a sarcastic tone and an evident animus which would have detracted considerably from the scientific value of the result. In fact, he says of himself: "Indeed, it is an utter psychological impossibility for me to treat this subject seriously." Fortunately, Miss Tanner is capable of treating her subject seriously.

The outcome of Dr. Tanner's investigation is completely to discredit the oft-repeated claim that psychical research has demonstrated the survival of bodily death. She makes thorough work of it. Spirit communication, "physical phenomena," telepathy, and Professor Hyslop are all weighed in the balance and found wanting. Most of the discussion centres, of course, on Mrs. Piper; her psychical make-up and the character of her "controls" are analyzed, and the messages which have come through her are systematically sifted. The results of her earlier sittings are first of all examined for their evidential value. All messages whose content was already known to the sitter Dr. Tanner throws out of consideration, because of the possibility (much greater than one might at first suppose) that the sitter unconsciously aided the medium. A long and careful chapter is devoted to the "test cases" (in which the content of the message was unknown to the sitter), and the conclusion reached is as follows:

> Approximately 110 facts in twenty years have been given which the sitter did not know and which were true. But many of these facts are easily explicable as inferences or guesses, or are so vague as to have little or no value, while the few striking coincidences are so few that it does not seem to be stretching tolerance if we frankly leave them unexplained or refer them to inferences or references in the sittings which were not considered important enough to record.

The subject of "cross-correspondencies" is then studied at greater length, and each of the more important cases considered by itself and explained as due to natural causes or to possible unrecorded influences. It must here be admitted that Dr. Tanner leans pretty heavily on the possibility of a faulty record; and also that, while she evidently tries always to be fair, her presentation of some of the cases makes them appear less striking than they really are. This is particularly true of the famous αὐτὸς οὐρανὸς ἀκύμων cross-correspondence. A comparison of Dr. Tanner's account with the original as given by Mr. Piddington (P. S. P. R., Vol. XXII, pp. 107-172) shows that, through lack of space, some rather suggestive details have been omitted; and, moreover, the naturalistic explanation proposed is at best unconvincing.

Dr. Hall and Dr. Tanner had six sittings of their own with Mrs. Piper, and these are reported at length. The chief value of this report is the light it throws on the psychical relationship between Mrs. Piper and her controls, and the demonstration it gives of their extreme suggestibility and the way they "fish" for cues and act on any hint given by the sitter. Dr. Hall invented several mythical characters, whereupon "Hodgson" swallowed the whole bait, recognized every one suggested whether real or purely fictitious, and reported them all as present in the spirit world. It was largely by this first-hand experience with Mrs. Piper that the investigators were enabled to work out in detail their explanation of the phenomena of mediumship; which is, in brief, that the controls are secondary personalities of the medium, bearing much the same relationship to her normal self that "Sally" in Dr. Prince's case bore to the real Miss Beauchamp. The fact that Mrs. Piper's secondary personalities impersonate departed spirits is to be accounted for by the suggestions tending in that direction given them by the sitters. "The controls themselves have thus been given a spiritistic education for over twenty years in all, so that whatever they were in the beginning, they are now thoroughly dyed-in-the-wool Spiritists." "The control, like all impressionable and untrained consciousnesses, tends to believe that any vivid idea is true, does not clearly distinguish between ideas and reality, and so confuses them in his assertions about them." And, in conclusion, Dr. Tanner says:

> The entire content of the Piper messages can be referred (1) to the ordinary laws of the mind as seen in apperception, inference, etc.; (2) to a greatly heightened suggestibility; (3) to a modicum necessarily unexplained because of imperfect records.

After finishing spirit communication, Dr. Tanner proceeds to sift the evidence for telepathy. And here it must be said her work is less convincing. She proves, indeed, conclusively how weak is much of the so-called evidence for thought-transference; and her keen analysis of even the best reported cases shows, as a rule, that the conditions were indecisive or the facts themselves uncertain. But a residuum of the evidence much too large to be put down as mere coincidence remains, *if we trust the records;* so that recourse must be had again to the possibility of mistakes in the reports as we have them—the author's ultimate resource in all cases of uncertainty. There is, no doubt, considerable justification for this course, but it can be over-done. It is rather too easy, and Miss Tanner's repeated appeal to it when in difficulty constitutes, perhaps, the weakest part of her book and does more than anything else to invalidate her rather sweeping conclusions.

For certainly the possibility of telepathy and even of spirit communication has not been *disproved* by this book. Both are still possible hypotheses, and subjects of such enormous human interest should certainly continue to be investigated—in spite of Dr. Tanner's critique and Dr. Hall's sarcasm. Still it must be said that this book has shown very plainly that if the spiritistic hypothesis is possible, there is as yet very little reason for thinking it true. And with the highly colored presentations of the results of psychical research which are read with such avidity in our popular magazines, it is high time that some one should do what Dr. Tanner has done so admirably. No one, in fact, who is interested in this question can afford not to read Miss Tanner's work. And while, perhaps, there is still hope for the spirit hypothesis, our author has succeeded so well in battering down its supposed demonstration which has taken so many laborious years to build up, that the unlucky spiritualists—on both sides of the Great Divide—are in the pathetic predicament of having pretty much all their work to do over again.

## JUVENILE BOOKS.

### I.

The many books that are sent to the editorial room for review make it almost impossible to do more than group them for the benefit of the buyer. If it were the problem of selecting the very best, the list would be largely confined to reissues which in every way are worthy of the publishers' skill. But the average taste and the moderate pocketbook have to be considered.

As its name implies, "The Louisa Alcott Story Book" (Little, Brown), edited by Fanny E. Coe, is a compilation made with the direct object of emphasizing lessons in morals or manners. Let us grant that one of the chief charms about the famous "Little Women" and "Little Men" is the genial spirit in them, but it is distressing for any real admirer of Miss Alcott to see her reduced to such purposes. Mr. Percival Chubb had a much more legitimate reason for compiling "Travels at Home, by Mark Twain" (Harper) from "Roughing It" and "Life on the Mississippi." His chief aim appears to be to introduce into the elementary schools a type of American

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supplementary reader which will familiarize children with literature of distinctive character. The human qualities of Mark Twain, "the characteristically American humor," make this author an educational necessity. The book is judiciously edited.

There is an historical basis for Charles Welsh's "Fairy Tales Children Love" (Dodge). In this volume is garnered a treasury of imaginative lore, made additionally famous because of the men and women who first gave the tales literary shape. A preface explains the growth of these stories, and their significance in an age which produced La Fontaine and Perrault. The stories of the latter, which are thought to have been written by his young son, have been retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in a rich volume called "The Sleeping Beauty, and Other Fairy Tales" (Doran). They are taken from the old French, with *modifications where it was thought best.* An introduction explains the "Cabinet des Fées," as well as the career of Perrault. It also defends Edmund Dulac's adherence, in his exquisite pictures painted for this edition, to the spirit of an age that fostered the fairy tale in the court as well as in the private salon. The work shows taste throughout, though in its physical proportions it is beyond the grasp of the average buyer. Mrs. E. Lucas has translated Hans Andersen's "Fairy Tales" (Dutton), which are accompanied by striking color-plates from illustrations by Maxwell Armfield. In these days of miscellaneous folk-lore, it is an excellent omen to find such permanent form as this given to the real classics. Andrew Lang's "Lilac Fairy Book" (Longmans) follows the usual plan of previous volumes, but, in addition to the stories from many lands, culled from so many obscure sources, the editor humorously explains the manner in which he and his wife collaborate in their rainbow series. This introduction is well worth reading, and, as usual, the book itself is printed in elaborate and pleasing fashion. In this respect it is better than "The Fairy Ring" (Doubleday), under the editorial supervision of Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith, though this particular collection appears to be equally inclusive in its territorial range, embracing "Tom Thumb," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Riquet with the Tuft," as well as others quite as famous, and perhaps new to the present generations. To offset this, we are glad to mention Miss Sowerby's book of "Grimm" (Duffield), which is agreeably illustrated by her sister. "Folk Tales Every Child Should Know" (Doubleday) belongs to a series which is very uneven in its quality, and quite haphazard in its choice. This particular volume is edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, who tells children in a condescending manner the exact value of stories which are made by the people and perpetuated from camp-fire to camp-fire. The sources are only occasionally given. Antiquarians would be more interested in some of this primitive material than young readers would be. "The Scottish Fairy Book" (Stokes), by Elizabeth W. Grierson, is a fit companion for the "Welsh Fairy Book," published last year. The stories retain the flavor of the country, some of them being dark and gloomy, others delicate in grace and beauty. The cover design might be better, and the red splashed upon every page is dazzling and confusing. An *édition de luxe* of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales" (Duffield) will bring satisfaction to young and old, for it is enriched with impressive illustrations by Maxfield Parrish, royal in color and noble in conception. It is a gift book which confers credit upon the firm publishing it, and should, by the very force of its cover design, attract the eye. Another issue of the same book has been imported by Dutton. Granville Fell's color work in this volume cannot in any way compare with Parrish's. The pictures are conventional and glaring in tone.

No season passes without a new volume of Kingsley's "The Water-Babies" and Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" (Baker & Taylor). This year's editions are adequate both in type and illustration. The black and white sketches are more successful than the color-pages, because the latter have been detracted from by ridiculous borders which have no bearing and are not necessary. Every one should welcome Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" (Holt), in an excellent new form, the type being agreeable and the drawings for the chapter headings of striking quality. The illustrative work is by E. Boyd Smith, an artist who believes in using faint color to produce atmospheric effect. It is to be hoped that the publishers will follow this book with others of the same kind. The Appletons are issuing an abridgment of stories by Scott. This method is not a safe one and is always open to justifiable criticism. Again we repeat what has been said before in these columns: What is needed is an edition of Scott published in a form similar to the Henty books, with no omissions, but with all prefaces thrown into appendices. The stories should be copiously illustrated, much in the way in which the Holts have published their first volume of Cooper. There is no doubt in the minds of many specialists on children's literature that Wyss's "The Swiss Family Robinson" (Dutton) is more popular than Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" (Houghton); the generous large editions, with clean type, are very desirable, but most of us have read these adventures in thick books with fine type and with line borders around the page. The Dutton volume of "The Swiss Family Robinson" has nowhere mentioned the author's name. The artist figures on the cover: Charles Folkard—the design for which is at the same time delicate and grotesque. The reprints show thought and feeling on the part of the publishers. Dainty in outward form, and assuredly worthy in content, are two old favorites by Juliana Horatia Ewing, "We and the World" (Bell) and "The Brownies and Other Tales" (Bell). The illustrations are spirited, imaginative, and often old-fashioned in touch. This is preferable, we feel, to the literalness and smoothness of the color work by Maria L. Kirk for Lippincott's estimable holiday editions of juvenile classics. Not that Miss Kirk is devoid of ability, but it is inspiration too well governed and mannered. She has illustrated Jean Ingelow's well-known and ever-popular "Mopsa the Fairy" and Louise de la Ramée's "Bimbi: Stories for Children." Both of these volumes have long ago been endorsed by their young public, and in their present format they are satisfactorily printed, between wide and pleasant margins. This is a rare excellence not often indulged in. Another distinguished reprint is Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (Harper), accompanied by illustrations from the brush of Worth Brehm. We know this artist's studies, and, while we like his present examples, we can imagine him dissatisfied with the manner of reproduction; the pages are so dark that all feeling is lost in shadow, a mistake we know that was not perpetrated in the originals.

II.

Most of the large books for children are of the same character as last year; in fact, they are a continuation. We expect to find "Chatterbox" (Dana Estes); indeed, Christmas would not be Christmas without it. "Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home" (Caldwell), consists of a collection of stories and verses from various pens, copiously pictured in lines and over brilliant color. The type is large, but the quality of the text is not to be commended. We like the humor of E. Boyd Smith's "Chicken World" (Putnam), even as we enjoyed the Guinea-Hen's reception in "Chantecler." Perhaps Mr. Smith wished the Rostand craze to enter the juvenile realm. But his new portfolios will amuse young and old alike. The conceptions are humorous and human, and there is a poetic touch to the side panels which is decorative and effective. This same artist has issued "The Farm Book" (Houghton), wherein two children see the activity that goes on in such a place. Here are twelve illustrations, and twenty-four text pictures.

Distinctive drawings would include Jessie Willcox Smith's "Five Senses" (Moffat, Yard), with accompanying text. Miss Smith has likewise turned anthologist in a sumptuous volume, entitled "A Child's Book of Old Verses" (Duffield). Not only are the illustrations quaint and poetically childlike, but the selections, largely old-fashioned, are chosen with discrimination—something which cannot be said of most recent compilations of this character. Three other volumes of verse worthy of mention have been edited for Little, Brown, by Mary Wilder Tileston: "Sugar and Spice and All that's Nice," "The Child's Harvest of Verse," and "The Children's Book of Ballads."

A handsome issue of Winston Stokes's "The Story of Hiawatha" (Stokes) attracts our attention; Miss Kirk's color-pages are ambitious and full of feeling, while the author's retelling is adequately done. But in comparison with the original poem, which forms the appendix to this prose text, such a method becomes almost useless, although Mr. Stokes had in mind, when he first conceived the idea, to bring readers closer to the mystery of the forest through an interpretative medium. We are of the opinion that in the main, Longfellow himself was fairly successful. The familiar faces of Palmer Cox's "Brownies" (Century) peer forth from the covers of an eighth volume. The characters are virtually the same as have graced the pages of *St. Nicholas* for many years. But these gnomes are never behind the times; they always undertake the latest social work, this year being very ambitious in their civic activity.

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De Witt Clinton Falls did not mistake child interest when he conceived and executed with pen and brush "The Journey Book" (Century), which will afford occupation "on the road" for quick eyes. The book is a jumble in some respects, but there is fun in it. There is coarse humor also in Peter Newell's "Slant Book" (Harper), which is ridiculous in its disaster, and strikingly original in its format. But it cannot escape the criticism one usually launches against the comic supplement of the Sunday newspaper. The "Why" book (Dodd, Mead), by John Rae, asks questions on one page and answers them backwards on the opposite page which has to be held before a glass to be read aright. This glass is ingeniously inserted as part of the cover design, forming a question mark.

To those on the lookout for music, H. C. Bunner's operetta, "The Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town" (Harper), with music by Oscar Weil, is to be recommended.

Other books for children will be noticed in the *Nation* of next week.

# Notes.

The next volume promised in D. Appleton & Company's business series is "The Principles of Industrial Managements," by Prof. John Duncan of the University of Illinois. The next book to be included in their railway series is "Railroad Traffic and Rates," by Emory R. Johnson and Grover G. Huebner, both of the University of Pennsylvania.

Cassell & Co. have in the press "Kearton's Nature Pictures," by Richard and Cherry Kearton.

Henry Frowde is adding immediately to the Oxford Poets and the series of Oxford standard authors a new anthology entitled "A Book of Light Verse," edited by R. M. Leonard, the compiler of "The Pageant of English Poetry."

We are asked to announce that an authentic biography of Thomas Love Peacock is now in preparation by his granddaughter, Mrs. Charles Clarke, who would regard it a favor if any persons possessing unpublished letters by Peacock would communicate with her at No. 63 Kensington Mansions, Earl's Court, London, W.

The Irish judge, McDonnell Bodkin, has ready for publication with Little, Brown & Co., in 1911, "The Capture of Paul Beck."

W. J. Griffith is publishing with Dent, in the series of Temple Cyclopædic Primers, "A Short Analysis of Welsh History."

Certain Welsh documents not before published are to be edited and issued by graduates of the University of Wales. The first to appear will be a fifteenth-century manuscript of laws and pleadings, edited by Timothy Lewis; it will be followed by three collections of Welsh poetry, including the historical poems of Lewys Glyn Cothi, drawn from a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

We could wish that Scribners had not chosen the hard, heavy paper that has gone into their complete edition of the "Poems of Eugene Field," but we are glad to get the book in any form. A good deal of Field's wit was of a distinctly journalistic type; but even in his most ephemeral productions the background of Horace and other good reading will break through now and then, and at his best he was mellow to the core and full of ancient-new wisdom. It seems unaccountable that his poems have never before been collected.

"A Thackeray Dictionary," prepared by Isadore Gilbert Mudge and M. Earl Sears, and "A Dictionary of the Waverley Novels," prepared by M. F. A. Husband, are two books useful to the student, and to the lover of Thackeray and Scott. Brief summaries of the novels are given, followed by an alphabetical catalogue of all the author's characters with an account of their doings. Some men can get inspiration from the pages of an ordinary dictionary; what an intoxication they might imbibe from the suggestiveness of these lists! The books are published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Nicholas Nickleby," in two volumes, and "A Child's History of England," in one, are added to Scribner's Centenary edition of Dickens. In the former work the original illustrations of Phiz are reproduced clearly, and in the "History" those of Marcus Stone and J. Mahony. The whole make-up of this edition is, as we have observed before, unusually good for the low price, one dollar the volume.

In our note of November 17, on the "Century Readings in English Literature," we made some comparison of this book with an earlier anthology of similar character edited by Professor Manly and published by the University of Chicago Press. For the sake of completeness, we might have mentioned also the "Twelve Centuries of English Poetry and Prose," edited by Newcomer and Andrews and published by Scott, Foresman & Co.

The life of "Lewis Carroll, in Wonderland and at Home," by Belle Moses (Appleton), here receives loving treatment. Although directed to a young audience, the book will give an agreeable occasion to many a grown-up as well, to review his earlier impressions of a singular author. Methodically, never brilliantly, Miss Moses follows this sensitive boy to Rugby and to Oxford, and prepares the reader for that rare combination of qualities which kept Dodgson a child, and at the same time scarcely less a man. Except in the simplest cases, she wisely avoids trying to explain the reasons for the great appeal which "Alice" has always made, being content to dwell appreciatively upon special episodes. Yet, this mere collocation of the facts of the life and scenes from the book helps one the better to see into Dodgson's quality. His mathematics, his acrostics, his formal illogic, belong to a perfectly logical series; the something besides—his understanding of little-girl nature—is another matter.

The series of descriptive papers which Winthrop Packard has gathered together from his correspondence originally contributed to the Boston *Evening Transcript* under the title "Florida Trails" (Small, Maynard) makes a readable volume of travel. Mr. Packard writes as a keen and appreciative observer of nature, and in the narrative of his journeys manages to cover the State pretty thoroughly, from Jacksonville to Key West. Without being too erudite, the book gives to its readers a considerable store of information in regard to all animal and vegetable life among the pines, marshes, palmettos, and swamps. A quiet touch of humor adds not a little to its agreeable qualities. To those who are going South, or wish to know something of the natural beauties of this semi-tropical State, Mr. Packard's book is to be commended.

A cheerful philosopher's musings while running down the Missouri River for 2,000 miles in motor boat and skiff are recorded in John G. Neihardt's "The River and I" (Putnam). The author sees his world through rose-colored glasses; a balky engine, boiling rapids, sand-banks, mud-bars, head winds, hunger, cheerless days and nights, serve only to spur his enthusiasm, and to add a lustier zest to his song in praise of life in the open. "The Missouri," he confesses, "is more than a sentiment—even more than an epic. It is the symbol of my own soul, which is, I surmise, not unlike other souls. In it I see flung before me all the stern world-old struggle become materialized. Here is the concrete representation of the earnest desire, the momentarily frustrate purpose, the beating at the bars, the breathless fighting of the half-whipped but never-to-be-conquered spirit, the sobbing of the wind-broken runner, the anger, the madness, the laughter. And in it all the unwearying urge of a purpose, the unswerving belief in the peace of a far-away ocean." The river was the path of the American fur traders in years gone by, and one may reasonably wish that Mr. Neihardt had told us more about that breed of men who followed its zigzag course into the wilderness, fighting their way mile by mile against savage tribes and the natural obstacles of an inhospitable country. The book is generously illustrated.

Those who are acquainted with the writings of Henry Demarest Lloyd will not be surprised by the virus of socialism in his posthumous book, "Mazzini and Other Essays" (Putnam). Mr. Lloyd had faith in mere numbers:

> Every one knows more than any one. Art, like government, to be at its best, must be art of all the people, by all the people, for all the people. Art is nature creating itself; labor is nature creating itself. True art and true labor are, therefore, one.

Such catch-phrases, which lead everywhere and nowhere, are typical of the author's method. In chanting the burden of collective man, his nine esasys, most of them first delivered as addresses, point scholars the road to public duty, derive suggestions for the present from the former achievements of the Dutch, and transform the possibilities of Chicago into a vision. Throughout the book are an earnestness and an insistence upon intelligence which, despite the author's own fragmentary processes, make for dignity.

"Attitudes and Avowals, with Some Retrospective Reveries" (Lane), by Richard Le Gallienne, has the uneven character of such ingatherings of past journalism. To the present writer, the best of the essays is that on Grant Allen. An appreciation of Sidney Lanier, too, is sympathetic and discriminating. We like less the casual essays which betray the unrepentant quester

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of the Golden Girl. Some of the subjects in this lighter list are Books as Doctors, On the Loveableness of Lords, Concerning Fairy Tales, and, coming nearer home, The Human Need of Coney Island. There are several papers on George Meredith, one of which contains the following keen and just observation:

As one grows older . . . one comes better to understand the academic distaste for writers of the Carlyle-Browning-Meredith school, and grows more to insist that writing shall be *writing*——not talking, however brilliant, not fantastic flashlighting of one's theme, no merely pyrotechnic hints of one's meaning, or musical adumbrations, or the presentation of a verbal palette, however chromatic and bizarre, for a picture. We crave "The little word big with eternity," the one inevitable metaphor, the word worthy of eternal marble, the image as immediate and universal as lightning or the cry of a child; not the innumerable tentative word, however vivid and strange, nor the play of clustering imagery, however Protean or merely harlequinesque.

And the more we demand this expressive finality and universality of literature, the more we realize that these three writers I have classed together are inspired prophetic journalists, moulders of the spiritual aspiration of their time, rather than enduring voices of the eternal meanings.

In view of such opinions, it may seem fitting that the *toga virilis* be conferred upon Mr. Le Gallienne.

In "The Second Post" (Macmillan) E. V. Lucas has produced an appropriate "supplement and companion" to his earlier anthology, "The Gentlest Art." The first section of the book is a collection of letters "From Age to Youth," the opening selection being from Sydney Smith to "Dear Little Gee." Carlisle is one of the few—his wife is another—favored with an individual section. Among the "Whimsicalities" appears the famous reply of the Chinese editor who was under the painful necessity of refusing a contribution:

Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will—Your servant's servant.

"Sketches from the Karen Hills" (Revell), by Alonzo Bunker, gives the experiences of an American Baptist missionary among the hill tribes of lower Burma during a period of forty years. They are not descriptive of permanent station work, but accounts of pioneer journeys over lofty mountains and through regions rarely if ever before visited by a white man, for the purpose of preaching and establishing schools and churches. In them we are brought into close touch with much that is beautiful and sublime in nature, and especially with the wonderful flora of the Karen Hills. Interwoven with the narrative are some interesting adventures with wild beasts and serpents. On the whole, it is one of the sunniest descriptions of missionary life that we remember to have read. Our only criticism is that it fails to give any impression of the natives, their manner of life, morality, or religious beliefs. As we encounter them in these pages they are merely human beings without distinctive characteristics, except, of course, the native Christians. This lack is the more to be regretted as the primitive native whom the missionary met is fast becoming a thing of the past now that civilization has reached him. The book is attractively made up with seventeen illustrations, mainly of the natives, but with neither map nor index.

Prof. Samuel Macauley Jackson is the author of a painstaking monograph on the manuscripts and editions of Bernard of Cluny's "De Contemptu Mundi," which he modestly entitles "The Source of 'Jerusalem the Golden,' together with other pieces attributed to Bernard of Cluny. In English translation by Henry Preble" (University of Chicago Press). He gives himself credit only for the introduction, notes, and annotated bibliography, although these are the more original and valuable portions of the volume. Bernard's poem is commonly known only from the familiar hymns, "Jerusalem the Golden" and "For thee, O dear, dear country," which hymnologists have adapted from the Rev. John Mason Neale's translation of some two hundred lines of the original. The general understanding is that Neale's poem produces a mediæval work in its entirety and with fidelity to its spirit. As a matter of fact, however, the English stanzas represent but a small fraction of the original, Mr. Preble's prose translation filling seventy octavo pages; nor is the theme of Bernard the delights of heaven, but the wickedness of human society as he observed it. As Professor Jackson remarks, "it is as far as possible from being what John Mason Neale may have led you to expect." The vices of nobles, the soddenness of the masses, the bestiality of women, the venality of Rome, and the low morals of priests, are described with terrible realism. The poem is a document in the history of morals, not a rhapsody on the joys of heaven. Professor Jackson's bibliography is the result of study which led him to a large number of libraries in France, Germany, and England. He brings to light several errors in Archbishop Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry," in the notes of Neale's "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences," and in Julian's "Dictionary of Hymnology." The translation of Mr. Preble is the first production of the entire poem in any language except the original Latin, as is likewise the case with Bernard's "Golden Booklet," "Hymn to the Virgin," and "Sermon on the Parable of the Unjust Steward," which are also included in this volume.

Two years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge," edited by Prof. Samuel Macauley Jackson, and the appearance of Volume VIII (Morality—Petersen) indicates that the twelve volumes will be completed within three years, as promised by the publishers (Funk & Wagnalls). It may be hoped that the final volume will contain a complete index of all subjects treated in the work, like the *Register* of the twenty-second and final volume of the German original. The tolerance of the editors of the American edition is shown in the article on Mormons, the first part of which is an official statement by Joseph F. Smith, jr., assistant historian of the Mormon Church, which is followed by sections by Prof. J. R. Van Pelt, Dr. Henry King Carroll, and the Rev. Duncan J. McMillan. Among the original articles for the American edition is an excellent sketch of the New England Theology by Prof. Frank Hugh Foster and a history of Peace Movements by Benjamin F. Trueblood. On critical questions the endeavor is made to state both conservative and critical views, as when Prof. Henry S. Nash contributes a sketch of the Pauline literature, following the translation from the German of Prof. Theodore Zahn's article on Paul.

Christian Tearle has invented a new way of writing a literary guide-book of England, designed to attract the notice of the class most likely to buy it ("Rambles with an American," Duffield). Mr. James C. Fairfield of Chicago is a composite American, kindly endowed with all the qualities that his flattered compatriots would be glad to recognize as national. He is a sort of erudite Colonel Newcome, with the Colonel's trick of calling his interlocutor "sir," and the Colonel's enthusiasm for the great names of English letters. But Mr. Fairfield knows more than the names. In his learned and humorous company his friend the Englishman investigates many of the places most attractive to sentimental Americans, and jots down very agreeably the discoveries they make and their reflections on them. The Stratford chapters are specially entertaining, and should be read in connection with Henry James's story of "The Birthplace." But Henry James, that accomplished bilinguist, would never have allowed an American hero, even under the excitement of identifying in the midst of the Chatham and South-Eastern terminus the site of a house once dwelt in by Goldsmith, to speak with the same breath of "this depot" and "the permanent way."

A modest preface, in which the author disclaims any ability either to write a book or to describe Japan, rather disarms the critic of Herbert G. Ponting's text ("In Lotus-Land Japan"; Macmillan). But the matter might be much worse. As a medium for the publication of his pictures the volume which contains them is decidedly readable, though it does not add greatly to our knowledge of the country. An account of the artist-craftsmen in Kioto, with whom he had some personal acquaintance, is informing as well as appreciative; so, too, are the chapters on three great Japanese volcanoes, Aso, Asama, and Fuji. Indeed, the author writes so admirably about the business he is engaged in that we should be glad to have him more professional in other parts of his book. His trips upon these mountains, with eighty or a hundred pounds of photographic apparatus, must have involved considerable risk and required careful management. In one crater he made the interesting discovery that isochromatic plates, when exposed to sulphur fumes, develop a positive instead of a negative—a result rather curious than satisfactory to the author, whose pictures were thereby ruined. But the chief merit of this volume lies in its extraordinarily beautiful photographs, which it would be hard to overpraise. Of these the eight color-prints impress us less favorably than the monochromes. They are technically admirable, but Japanese gardens adorned with *musmé* look rather meretricious on the printed page. Fifteen of the other illustrations are devoted to Fuji, all of them worthy of her matchless charm, and two—Fuji at sunrise and a sunset from the summit—as admirable as photographs can well be. Mr. Ponting has a note to make on the Kamakura Daibutsu that is worth quoting as the observation of a careful student:

The Japanese measurements . . . are much exaggerated. The distance from knee

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to knee is quoted as thirty-five feet eight inches—which is correct. The height is given as forty-nine feet seven inches, but it is really almost exactly the same as the length from knee to knee. The length of the face is given as eight feet five inches, which is about right. This is approximately a sixth of the stated height, whereas, as the photograph shows, the face is almost one-fourth of the total height of the figure, not including the stone pedestal. The width of the face from ear to ear is said to be seventeen feet nine inches, more than double the length; but the length and width of face are very nearly identical. I have often estimated the height of the figure, when inspecting it, as about thirty-six feet, and an examination of the photograph confirms these figures.

Mr. Ponting is now on his way to the South Pole with Capt. Scott's Antarctic company as official photographer of the expedition. A greater master of his art could hardly have been chosen.

"Romantic Days in Old Boston" (Little, Brown), by Mary Caroline Crawford, is an appreciative sketch of life in the Hub and some of its noted citizens during the middle of the last century. It begins with an account of that experiment in communism, Brook Farm, to which is added a chapter on a frequent visitor to it, Margaret Fuller. Then follows the story, told at much length, of the struggle of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. The only other person to whom special attention is directed is Theodore Parker, and to many readers this chapter will prove a revelation of a most interesting personality. He evidently had a keen sense of humor, for his fee for lecturing was usually stated, "F. A. M. E., *i. e.* Fifty And My Expenses." The remainder of the book is devoted to facts, many of them quite trivial, in regard to the old theatres, actors, and musicians, hotels, and stages, as well as to sketches of the social queens and some of the famous visitors to the city and the way they were entertained. Much is added to the attractiveness of the book by its 120 illustrations, 62 of which are portraits.

Clifton Johnson has the knack of putting in very readable and attractive shape his impressions of the historic waterways of North America. He has journeyed up and down the St. Lawrence, and its principal tributaries, with an observant and discriminating eye, and has brought together in a compact guide-book the sort of material that is likely to appeal to the intelligent tourist ("The Picturesque St. Lawrence"; Macmillan). It is perhaps not to be wondered at that in so wide a field his history is not always to be relied on. It is only just to say, however, that where he errs it is only on minor points. For instance, as the Dominion Parliament was not created until 1867, it is scarcely accurate to say (p. 120) that that Parliament voted money, in 1848, to pay damages to those who had property destroyed in the Rebellion of 1837. Similarly as Colonel By built the Rideau Canal, it is, perhaps, a little vague to describe him as "one of the government representatives interested in the canal." Mr. Johnson is more happy in his descriptions of the scenery of the St. Lawrence than in his comments on Canadian life and manners. There is neither truth nor good taste in the following (p. 58): "To smoke and spit in public places, to swear and swagger and guzzle seems to be the ambition of a very large proportion of the Canadian youths. Their elders set the pace. . . . Drinking is the habit of the country, and is not confined to any particular class"; nor in the following (p. 149): "They are inveterate tobacco users—these Canadians—and the boys, with sham smartness, start to puff at pipes and cigarettes pitiably young." Mr. Johnson must have been unfortunate in his acquaintance with individual Canadians, to have been led to such sweeping generalizations.

In "The Holy Land" (Century Company) Robert Hichens has given a precisely parallel volume to his "Egypt and Its Monuments." It is a series of brilliant impressions, surcharged, if anything, with feeling and distinguished from most travel books by happiness of phrase. The descriptions of the open country are much more successful than those of towns or buildings, because they have afforded wider scope for scraps of fanciful, sometimes fantastic, symbolism. There is throughout almost a strain to interpret, and the interpretations are individual to the point of registering moments and emotions. Yet there lies in many of them a deep reality, too. They render well the glory and marvel of Baalbec in blossoms and sun and snow-barred mountains; the shock of unoriental Nazareth; the friendly calm of the Galilean Lake; the pale gray country around Jerusalem; the hashish in the warm air of Jericho under the savage cliffs of Quarantania, and faced by the magic mountain range of Moab, lined across the sky. After these scenes there is effort in the labored picture of Damascus, where Mr. Hichens was only a tourist with an eye for flowing water and striped sofas. To read its secret there is need of knowledge, and not simply a sensitiveness to impressions, and a power of rendering these in words. The final long description of Easter at Jerusalem in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, "a barbaric castle of magic," is effective, but similarly labored; faithful without question, but just missing the ease of perfection. Jules Guérin's eighteen illustrations are lurid impossibilities of color. They would have been much better in black and white, as the one so reproduced in the advertisement of the volume shows. The forty half-tones from selected photographs are excellent. Yet any photographs must contrast oddly with Mr. Hichens's impressionism.

In "The Country Boy" (Dillingham) Homer Davenport gives a sketch of his own early years, the life of "just an ordinary boy, brought up, however, among people and conditions that were not ordinary." The spirit of the cartoonist, with its natural tendency to overdraw the ridiculous, is about as evident in the text itself as in the sixty-two illustrations from his original drawings. As a sample, he and his little sister go to hear Clara Morris in "Camille," at the Portland theatre, and weep till they have colds for a month, by getting their feet wet from their own tears. If this seems a little incredible at first sight one accepts it readily by comparison after reading of the girl who coughed up a feather upon which she had strangled "and broke one of the biggest window panes in town, so great was the velocity with which she let go of it." There is a strong purpose in the volume to immortalize Silverton, Oregon, his home town, as it existed before the latter day improvements inaugurated by "a newer element with higher collars and smaller hats" had destroyed its individuality. We are not sure, however, that he has not himself defeated that purpose by excessive exaggeration. Among the drawings, some five or six which are colored by serious affection are admirably done, such as that of his grandmother, on page 30, and a few in which his father is represented.

The Putnams add to their handsome collection of books relating to the waters of America—its rivers, bays, and lakes, "The Mississippi River and its Wonderful Valley," by Julius Chambers. The volume equals its predecessors in beauty and interest. A well-based historical résumé gives the story of its connection with man, its economic importance is correctly estimated, and the efforts to subdue its lawless flood to human service intelligently described. Its picturesque side receives full illustration in the text, in the eighty photographs. It has hardly come home to us, but it is the fact that mystery hung over the true source of the Mississippi as long as it did over the source of the Nile. Mr. Chambers himself, so late as 1872, had a hand in clearing up the doubt; and the narrative of his explorations, with the voyage that followed from the ultimate spring to the mouth of the Southwest Pass, for more than half the distance in a canoe, is interesting reading.

John Eyton Bickersteth Mayor, D.D., for nearly forty years professor of Latin at Cambridge, England, died a week ago today in his eighty-sixth year. He was born in Ceylon and was educated at Shrewsbury and St. John's College, Cambridge, of which he was soon elected a fellow. For many years he was editor of the *Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology*, and for some time he directed the *Journal of Philology* and the *Classical Review*. Since 1883 he had been president of the Vegetarian Society. He edited "Nineteen Satires of Juvenal," Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster," and various other text-books and religious and historical works.

The Rev. Matthew Henry Buckham, since 1871 president of the University of Vermont, died a week ago, aged seventy-eight.

The Rev. Sylvester Tithian Scovel, president of the American branch of the International Peace Society and former president of Wooster University, at Wooster, O., died last week. He was seventy-four years of age.

Count Adolf von Goetzen, who in behalf of Germany observed the operations of our forces in the war with Cuba, and whose book "Through Africa from East to West" won him advancement at home, died last week at the age of forty-four.

## Science.

*The Book of the Animal Kingdom.* Mammals. By W. Percival Westell, F.L.S. 14 colored and 260 plain plates, chiefly from photographs of the living animals, by W. S. Berridge, F.Z.S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 8vo. Pp. 379. $4.

This is virtually little more than a kind of extended guide-book of the quad-

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rupeds that chanced to be living in the London Zoölogical Gardens at the time the author's descriptions of them were written and strung together. As "a survey of the animal kingdom," Mr. Westell's book is a joke. What else can be said of a volume, so described by the author, which entirely fails to mention the ibexes of the world, save six lines devoted to the Persian ibex; that ignores the existence of the most important group of living bears (the big brown bears of Alaska); and, except for a reference to the wapiti, also ignores the existence of all the members of the deer family in the Western Hemisphere? The mountain sheep of the world had a narrow escape from non-representation. Inasmuch as the London Zoo happened to contain the little urial, Barbary sheep, and Burrhel, those species were mentioned and figured; but all the other members of that fine group were left out, bodily. The dormouse, however, obtained three pages.

As if his "survey" of the living animal kingdom offered too narrow a field, Mr. Westell. includes a chapter on the Animals of Long Ago, another on Domestic Animals, and another on Animal Pets. In chapter xx the Rev. Charles A. Hall has manfully attempted to condense the matter suitable for a large volume into the narrow confines of thirty-three pages, on extinct mammals, and he has very creditably performed a difficult task. There is one other chapter in this astounding book that is creditable to its author. Charles Barrett's thirty-nine pages on the Mammals of Australia is an excellent piece of work. It shows on every page the hand of a real naturalist, who knows something about his subjects, and who has been quite uninfluenced by the easy-going methods of his fellow-author. Mr. Barrett is of Melbourne, Australia, where he is one of the editors of the *Emu*.

As a chronicler of his own observations, and of others derived from the keepers in the London Zoo, Mr. Westell is often interesting. On page 161 he relates in all seriousness that the python and crocodile are the deadly enemies of the orang-utan; but, "both these enemies are, it appears, more often than not overcome. The huge snake is pounced upon, held securely by the powerful hands, and bitten to death, whilst the crocodile is beaten both with the hands and feet, the flesh is torn from the body, and the animal killed, or, as sometimes happens, the jaws and throat are torn asunder, which, of course, means instant death." All this will be interesting news to the score or more of collecting naturalists who have lived and worked in the jungles of Borneo.

Except for the drawings of extinct animals, and the fourteen red-and-purple colored plates by W. S. Berridge, all the illustrations seem to be from photographs made in the London Zoo, and poorly reproduced. Mr. Westell intimates a purpose, subject to "sufficient encouragement," to follow up this unique volume with another devoted to birds.

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The Bibliotheca Sacra Co. of Oberlin, O., is to issue early in January the fifth edition of Prof. G. F. Wright's "Ice Age in North America" (formerly published by D. Appleton & Co.), revised and enlarged.

The problem of garden-lovers whose homes are near the sea is a triple one—to find plants which do not suffer in a salty atmosphere, or which do not need shelter from wind, or which themselves will provide shelter. The problem has been considered in "Gardens Near the Sea" (Stokes), by Alice Lounsberry, with an unusual degree of success. The writer is a seasoned garden expert, she has not been too closely limited in space, and she writes without gush, but with due appreciation of her subject. No flower book short of encyclopædic size can fully treat each plant mentioned, but the advice of a sensible manual is often the guide to choice. This book is to be recommended, not exclusively for seashore gardeners, nor for those also whose homes lie in exposed situations; its words of taste and warning may be taken to heart by others than these. The volume has good illustrations, several in color, chiefly of successful seaside gardens.

The suburbanite whose enthusiasm for poultry is as yet untempered by experience, will do well to include A. T. Johnson's "Chickens and How to Raise Them" (Penn Publishing Company) in his initial outlay. While the practical poultryman will find the book too elementary to be of any great value to him, the beginner may forestall some expensive lessons of experience by paying heed to the many sensible hints as to the rearing of chickens by natural and artificial means, feeding, and hygiene. A chapter on poultry ailments will be of use to the amateur, but the more hardened poultryman would substitute the axe for the treatment recommended for many diseases. Concise common sense marks the treatment of the relative merits of the different "systems" of artificial brooding of chicks.

Emile Dumais, once war correspondent in India and South Africa for the London *Times*, and always a man of scientific interests, died last week in Washington. He was the founder of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and the purpose of his visit to this country was to study the methods of the Department of Agriculture. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto.

Dr. Samuel Alexander, whose death occurred last week in his fifty-third year, was a graduate of Princeton and the Bellevue Medical College; he studied also in London, Leipzig, and Vienna. Since his return to America he had always been connected with Bellevue in some capacity. He was a member of the Academy of Medicine, the New York Surgical Society, the International Surgical Society, and the Society of American Genito-Urinary Surgeons, and honorary member of the Society of Clinical Surgery.

Dr. Christian Archibald Herter, pathologist, died last Monday in his forty-sixth year. After occupying professorships in the Bellevue Medical College and in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he was appointed in 1908 physician to the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute. With his wife, he founded two $25,000 lectureships, one at Bellevue, the other at Johns Hopkins. In addition to numerous special articles, he wrote "Diagnosis of Nervous Diseases" and "Lectures on Chemical Pathology."

Mary Baker Eddy died at her home in Chestnut Hill, Boston, on Saturday, aged eighty-nine years. She was born at Bow, N. H., July 16, 1821, the youngest child of Mark and Abigail Ambrose Baker. Her illness as a child prevented regular attendance at school, and beyond the elementary village education which she received, she was self-taught. At the age of twenty-two she married George Washington Glover, who, after six months, died of yellow fever; a few months later a son was born. In 1853 she married again, a travelling dentist, Daniel Patterson, from whom in 1873 she obtained a divorce on the ground of desertion. Her third marriage was with Asa Gilbert Eddy of Lynn, Mass., in 1877. In the year 1866, she discovered, she says in her writings, the science of metaphysical healing, and named it Christian Science. How many were the suggestions which she received from Dr. Quimby of Portland, Me., who seems to have treated her as early as 1861, in much the manner which Mrs. Eddy later recommended, is still a matter of dispute. At any rate, by 1875, the year in which "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" first appeared, her teachings had won her many followers. She organized, in Boston in 1879, the First Church of Christ, Scientist.

She founded the *Christian Science Journal* in 1883, of which for several years she was editor; and in 1898 the *Christian Science Sentinel*. She was awarded a grand prize and a diploma by the French government. Among her writings, in addition to the one already mentioned, are: "Christian Healing," "People's Idea of God," "Unity of Good," "Rudimental Divine Science," and "No and Yes."

Dr. John Cummings Munro, a prominent surgeon of Boston, and since 1903 surgeon-in-chief at Carney Hospital, died on Tuesday at the age of fifty-two. He graduated from Harvard, and was a member of the principal medical and surgical societies.

Dr. Horace Babcock, a well-known physician of Western New York, who served as a surgeon in the Army of the Potomac, died this week at his home in Gowanda, at the advanced age of eighty-six.

## Drama.

*Molière.* By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Professor Matthews states his purposes in a prefatory note: "In this biography I have striven specially for three things: first, to set forth the facts of Molière's life, stripped of all the legends that compass it about; second, to trace

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his development as a dramatist, making it plain how cautiously he advanced in his art and how slowly he reached the full expansion of his power; and, thirdly, to show his intimate relation to the time in which he lived." The execution of the first purpose has been a little scant, or, rather, the purpose itself has been unduly narrowed; the execution of the second, the author's standpoint considered, has been adequate; that of the third may be called without reserve satisfactory.

The story of Molière's life is told with the author's habitual clearness, with "resolute" caution, and with a condensation to which his distrust of the uncertain and his aversion to the unsavory have equally contributed. His abstinence in this regard impresses us as honorable, but over-strained. In the dearth of facts, legend or even calumny may, in a vague way, define a man in terms of the reaction he produced upon his contemporaries, and may fix the actuality of a being to whom they can add no trait. Again we may sympathize with the delicacy which ignores the worst scandals with respect to Armande Béjart's parentage, and yet think that delicacy unduly magnifies its office when it attenuates into a "love affair" the relation between Molière and Madeleine Béjart on which a nearly universal belief has set a more questionable but more significant construction. The resulting picture is inferior in warmth and freshness to that in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's readable and credible biography of Molière (1906), a work which combines wariness in its judgments with liberality in its reports. The Molière of Mr. Matthews is a highly respectable person who pays the normal price of respectability in a little dulness.

Mr. Matthews can hardly be blamed for failing to solve some of the deeper problems in Molière's life—the question, for instance, of that rare tenacity of the laborious, orderly, and self-respecting—one might almost say, the dapper and clerkly—Parisian bourgeois, on whose mind, to judge from his works, twelve years of the provinces stamped scarcely a place-name, twelve years of the high-road scarcely an image from nature, and twelve years of Bohemian vicissitude and temptation hardly a visible mark. Again, the union of independence and compliance, of humor and melancholy, is clearly recognized; but the articles of this union, the *modus vivendi* of these opposites, are left unexplained. On his own ground, however, Mr. Matthews is usually trustworthy; yet we note two or three minor errors. "Toulon" on page 32 seems clearly an error for "Toulouse"; on page 45 the Italian nights at the Petit-Bourbon are given as Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, whereas Tuesday, not Wednesday, is meant, as another context shows; the date, October 14, assigned on page 129 to the production of the "Impromptu de Versailles" in 1663 has been disproved by Paul Mesnard ("Notice Biographique," page 283). The author's hatred of legend has found means to adjust itself to some personal excursions into the field of conjecture, but he never forgets that the exercise is merely recreative. In matters of fact he has rarely or never been able to extend or to reverse the data collected by Paul Mesnard in his ample and impartial "Notice Biographique" (Œuvres de Molière, Vol. X, Paris, 1889).

In what may be called the heraldry of literature, in noting the family and tracing the pedigree of plays and parts of plays, Mr. Matthews is assiduous and competent. In the earlier and thinner works, the labelling and invoicing which these questions of genus and genesis involve sometimes draw author and reader together in the sympathy of a common fortitude; the criticism brightens in the treatment of the later masterpieces in which a larger enthusiasm has come to the support of an equal fidelity. Molière is for the author "the chief figure in all French literature"; the summary and condensation of the French mind; the inventor of "high comedy," a type to which all literature has furnished but a handful of examples and Molière himself only two, one of them rather doubtful; the associate, if not quite the equal, of Shakespeare (the comparisons with Shakespeare are extended and valuable), and the father of a literary progeny which recalls the Biblical prophecies of the seed of Abraham.

The admiration for Molière is the most candid of all admirations, because it is the most fearless. Mr. Matthews points out errors freely, apparently quite unconscious that the excellence of the aggregate or the average can be affected by the infirmities of the particulars. Molière is the master of dramaturgy, but, to confine ourselves to the best and best-known plays, the "Misanthrope" is "a little too empty and too episodic," the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is "a curious nondescript," "Don Juan" is "rather fragmentary," the "Avare" has "a fragmentary method," the "Ecole des Femmes" has a "more or less mechanical" intrigue, even "Tartuffe," the "superb," the "masterly," has a dubious ending. It is evident that the voice we hear in Mr. Matthews is the voice of the tradition, happy in the possession of a new mouthpiece. What was really needed was a frank and fearless revision of Molière's claims in the light of the clearer sense and the stronger feeling both for technique and for truth that have come to us in the last fifty years. A double proficiency, in these standards and in Molière himself, might have seemed to point out the professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University as the ideal man for the execution of this task; but a liegemanship, in itself rather beautiful, has disqualified him for adding this final service to the other claims of his book on the grateful attention of scholars. It lacks that preliminary skepticism which gives value to ultimate faith; the verdict has been restated, but we do not feel that the case has been retried.

The third of the author's designs, the delineation of the period in relation to Molière, has been successfully carried out; the pictures are clear, relevant, and duly subordinated.

We are told that this work is the fulfilment of a hope of nearly forty years. The example of Hamlet might show that a long-cherished and long-delayed intention may owe its fulfilment to the spur of impulse; and the English of this book suggests a precipitation unknown to its author's earlier work. Time and the lack of time are the disintegrators of style, but Mr. Matthews in this book has exceeded the bounds of reasonable indulgence. He has not only at times treated simple ideas with a repetition and elaboration which indicate that years have not confirmed his early faith in the intelligence of his countrymen, he not only gives us bulging and congested sentences; but he warps and perverts the English idiom, uses those novelties of combination which cloak negligence under the guise of originality, and indulges in some rather tinsel ornament, of which the jingling cleverness of "ingenuous ingenuity" may be cited as example. Those who remember the excellence of Mr. Matthews's style at its best will be the slowest to forgive its deterioration.

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An elaborate, conscientious, and, on the whole, intelligent revival of "Macbeth" is a welcome incident in these degenerate days, and it is pleasant to think that this enterprise of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, which has just been accomplished in the Broadway Theatre, is likely to meet with ample public support. At all events, the capacious house has been packed to the doors at the initial performances. The interpretation of the tragedy is not especially brilliant in any respect, but maintains a high level of excellence throughout, and exhibits healthy purpose and vigor. Both stars are entitled to hearty credit. Mr. Sothern is not a subtle or inspired actor, but he has ambition and perseverance, and is still making steady progress in the development of his natural resources, which, in the beginning, did not especially qualify him for tragic parts. But he is no longer deficient in physical power, and is acquiring new facilities of expression. His monotony of utterance is still his chief artistic weakness, and is, perhaps, the greatest obstacle to his advance in the higher poetic drama. His action is often much more eloquent than his speech. Being a student, rather than an interpreter, his Macbeth runs along traditional lines, exhibiting little originality except in minor and unimportant details of stage business. In externals it is, as a rule, correct, but the spiritual side of it is vague, and it is

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not always consistent. Its alternations—manifestly for stage effect—between abject weakness and criminal audacity are too abrupt and violent. After the murder, for instance, he is unable to walk or stand without his wife's assistance, but a moment later, when the alarm is given, he is in full possession of his faculties. In the cauldron scene, again, he rolls in hopeless collapse upon the ground. Macbeth was made of sterner stuff than that. He illustrates the terrors of the body, rather than the anguish of the soul. But he gives a thoroughly meritorious performance. Miss Marlowe's Lady Macbeth, if lacking in sustained tragic intensity and power, has some fine moments, and is an exceedingly clever attempt at a compromise between the old traditions and a more human conception of the character. Remorseless in her first promptings of her husband to murder, and in her scornful rallying of him after the deed, she strongly and pathetically emphasizes the subsequent tortures of her own conscience and her yearning tenderness for her suffering partner. Her sympathy for him is denoted by secret caresses and other tokens of wifely encouragement and caution, and her own anguish—to culminate in the sleep-walking episode—is most skilfully and effectively indicated. It would be easy to argue against the legitimacy of this ideal, but it is full of interesting suggestions.

When Mme. Bernhardt, as the young Duke of Reichstadt in Rostand's "L'Aiglon," made her first appearance Monday night at the back of the stage, there was such vigorous applause as the Globe Theatre has rarely heard. Mme. Bernhardt does not need flattery, and it would be untrue to say that in repose she looked the part of the boy prince, or that her voice, although still of the same bell-like tone in the calmer recitation, did not show signs of fatigue in the more impassioned parts. But her impersonation, which has long been admired in this city, is still a wonderful performance, more wonderful now, perhaps, in some respects than it was in bygone years.

Such differences as are to be noted between her present performance and that of ten years ago are those brought about by lapse of time. So finished an actress does not make radical changes in a conception that has once been carefully worked out in its minutest details. No more now than before can she disguise completely the truth of her sex, but her mimicry of masculine characters—the erect carriage, the free stride, and the decisive gesture—is as adroit as ever. She succeeds also in conveying a sense of personal distinction which is exceedingly effective. The Duke of Reichstadt, as she portrays him, is a positive entity which but rarely suggests the woman in masquerade. The depression of the captive and the fret of a gallant but downcast spirit are expressed in the manner of her first entry.

The New Theatre management doubtless exhibited enterprise in securing the first performance, upon any stage, of Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene," but would have been wiser, perhaps, in evading apparent responsibility, or semi-responsibility, for a representation which they could neither control nor direct. This work has been reviewed already in the *Nation* (October 20). The opinion was then expressed that it is fitted rather for the closet than the stage, and this impression is confirmed by the actual performance. There are several dramatic situations in it, but, on the whole, it is deficient in connected action and is episodical rather than truly dramatic. But in the present case it can scarcely be said to have had a fair trial. The production, though elaborate, costly, and spectacular, was not enlightened. Perhaps the most nearly satisfactory acting was contributed by the supernumeraries, who were many and well drilled. The delivery of the Sermon on the Mount, by the unseen Galilean, upon which Maeterlinck lays so much stress, was rendered almost wholly ineffective by the theatrical method of the reciter. Another striking scene, the summons of the Magdalene to the Master by the newly risen Lazarus, was made almost grotesque by the unintelligent effort to impart a sepulchral ghastliness to the messenger. But the play suffered most from the weakness of the principal performers. Miss Nethersole's impersonation of the Magdalene was especially disappointing, for the artificiality of the opening scenes—which might possibly be regarded as in some sense appropriate to the character—was maintained in the great final act, and was unrelieved by any of those fine outbursts of passion of which the actress is known to be capable. Her moderation would have been more of a virtue if her posing had been less suggestive of affectation. Silanus, that clever study of an old Pagan philosopher, was totally spoiled by the self-conscious airs of Arthur Forrest. Edward Mackay's manly performance of Verus was marred by slovenly speech. Charles B. Hanford imparted some vivid touches to Appius' story of the raising of Lazarus. But the general performance, even when capable, was altogether uninspired. Competent producers are almost as rare as great dramatists, and the latter, unfortunately, are almost wholly at the mercy of the stage manager.

The name of Charlotte Porter alone appears on the three latest volumes of the First Folio Shakespeare (Crowell), viz., "The Life and Death of Richard the Second," "The Tragedy of Richard the Third," and "The Life and Death of King John"; but the style of editing remains quite the same as in the earlier issues. The many excellences of this edition we have pointed out more than once. As the set nears completion, the unusual value of the publication becomes even more apparent.

"We Can't Be as Bad as all That!" is the title of Henry Arthur Jones's new comedy. It is a play of social life in the English upper classes, and is to be put in rehearsal at once by the Authors' Producing Company, under the personal supervision of Mr. Jones.

"Henry VIII" is expected to run through the winter at His Majesty's Theatre in London. It will be followed by "Macbeth," which Sir Herbert Tree has been promising for some years. Undoubtedly, he will make the fullest use of the pictorial opportunities which it will offer to him. He himself will play the guilty Thane, and the part is likely to suit him a great deal better than Hamlet and some others. Arthur Bourchier will be his Macduff, and Irene Vanbrugh his Lady Macbeth, a character which she has played already to her husband's Macbeth. It is said that Gordon Craig will design a good deal of the scenery.

Seymour Hicks is preparing a version of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" for the use of Ellaline Terriss, who will appear as the maid, soon after Christmas. The production is to be on a lavish spectacular scale.

H. B. Irving has just selected the evening of Wednesday, December 14, for his reappearance at the London Queen's, after his successful provincial tour. He will then present, under the title of "The Princess Clementina," the new four-act play which A. E. W. Mason and George Pleydell have adapted from the former's novel, "Clementina." For the part of the heroine Mr. Irving has specially engaged Stella Patrick Campbell.

# Music.

## AMERICAN FOLKSONGS.

More than ever before, the public seems to be interested in the folksongs of various countries, and this interest is shared by the composers, who are as assiduous as their predecessors in weaving them into their scores. At the same time, singers, players, and lecturers find audiences eager to welcome them whenever folk-music is their theme. Last week daily opportunity was provided to hear the Imperial Balalaika Orchestra play the delightfully melancholy airs as well as the gay dance tunes of the Russian peasantry on their own instruments, and on Tuesday Marcella Sembrich gave a recital devoted entirely to those musical wild flowers known as folksongs—a recital which will stand as one of the most enjoyable events of the musical season.

As Mme. Sembrich sets the fashion in song recitals, she will have many imitators, but it is to be hoped that in one important respect her programme will not be accepted as a model by others. While every European country was represented, there was not one of those genuine American folksongs that are dear to many millions of people throughout this country. Not only were they ignored, but in the announcement sent to the newspapers there was a certain defiant air which cannot be allowed to go unchallenged: "Mme. Sembrich, having set a scientific as well as an artistic standard, has chosen to pass over the popular minstrel songs of America, but to let such indubitable folksongs as 'Gai lon la' and 'Musieu Bainjo' stand for the form in America."

The standard which excludes the popular songs of our Stephen Foster from the list of real folksongs cannot be accepted as "scientific." Dr. Hugo Riemann, the leading German theorist and lexicographer, defines the word "Volkslied" as "either a song which originated among the people (*i. e.*, the poet and composer of which are no longer

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known), or one which has been adopted by the people; or, finally, one which is 'volksmässig,' *i. e.*, simple and easily comprehended in melody and harmony." Now, Foster's melodies are included under both the second and the third of these definitions as true folksongs: they have been adopted by the whole American people, and they are always simple in melody and harmony. To exclude them for the reason that their composer happens to be known, is an argument that can be reduced *ad absurdum* by a question: Suppose some antiquarian discovered that certain folksongs dear to the Germans for generations were composed by such and such an individual; would a single person in the whole Æmpire cease to regard them as folksongs? And if by some miracle the names of all the originators of these melodies were ascertained, would folksong cease to exist?

From every rational point of view Foster's popular melodies are genuine folksongs. In this species of music, as Wagner once wrote, "the word-poem and the tone-poem are one and the same thing; . . . separation of the two is inconceivable to those who sing them; they seem to belong together, like husband and wife." This is true of Foster's. He wrote his own poems as well as his melodies, and the words and music of such songs as "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "My Old Kentucky Home," are as closely allied as are the text and the music in Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde." Yet—and here is another point of identity with the originators of true folksongs—he was not a professional musician. Far from it. To save his life he could not have composed a symphony or a sonata, or even a short piece for pianoforte, or art songs with complex harmonies like MacDowell's or Chadwick's. His harmonies seldom go beyond the three most elementary chords—tonic, dominant, and subdominant; and his melodies are so rich and satisfying in themselves that they give pleasure even without harmonies—which brings them under the definition of folksong given by Berlioz. Of musical form Foster took no more thought than a canary. His songs "give voice to the joys, sorrows, hopes, and aspirations of a people rather than an individual"; they are songs created by the people—the folk—for he was one of them. If they are not folksongs, what are they? Some have called them by the German name "volksthümlich," which means conscious imitations of folksongs, like Schulz's "Lieder im Volkston"; but Foster did not consciously imitate the songs of his or any other country; he wrote what he did because his genius was of that kind.

Not only are his songs—there are above a hundred and fifty of them—genuine folksongs; they are genuinely American, too. On this phase of the subject, also, erroneous notions are still widely current. Thousands who sing his songs do not know who wrote them, or care; many other thousands think they are negro plantation songs. Now, Foster did visit the plantations and campmeetings of the black men to catch their idiom; he had to make his living by writing for the "negro-minstrels," who at that time had virtually a monopoly of the concert business; yet even those of his poems which he wrote in the negro dialect voice the general feelings of mankind rather than the feelings of a particular race; and as for his melodies, they are as unlike true negro music as an Hungarian rhapsody is unlike a Bellini operatic aria. In every bar they betray his own individual genius, and that this individual genius was thoroughly American is indicated by the way in which the American people have taken them to heart—infinitely more than they have any imported folksongs. Apart from a national anthem, nothing arouses such intense enthusiasm in an American audience as the singing of one of these American folksongs. Indeed, there is nothing quite like it in any foreign country.

We have become accustomed to foreign artists slighting the music of our country; but the omission of Foster from Mme. Sembrich's programme was the unkindest cut of all. No doubt it is owing to a misunderstanding; yet none the less it is regrettable. However, no great harm will result. Foster's songs will survive this episode, and the American public may continue to believe that we not only have folksongs, judged by the strictest scientific standard, but that we have an abundance of them equalling the most precious of Europe's treasures. Had Foster lived before printing was invented, his songs would have been carried from mouth to mouth. As Dr. Martin Darkow has truly said: "The composer would have been forgotten, and the modern historians would have had occasion to place the American people themselves on the pedestal of the unknown poet-composer." Let us be thankful that the printer's art has made it possible for us to honor Foster individually—as the Germans honor Silcher for composing the "Lorelei," universally accepted as a folksong—while at the same time recognizing in his utterances the voice of the American people.

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Dancing is the lowliest of the fine arts, yet when it is done with the grace and technical perfection exhibited by the Russian dancers last year in our opera houses, it is worthy of serious attention. For this winter Russia has provided us with another demonstration of what can be done with crude material. Twenty-two years ago W. W. Andreeff came to the conclusion that the peasant instrument called balalaika—a sort of mandolin with a triangular body under a long fingerboard—was capable of being elevated into the sphere of orchestral music. He perfected this instrument, as well as its cousin, the domra, trained a number of players on them, added primitive pipes and an instrument which he calls "dulcimer," but which is a sort of zither on piano legs, with a keyboard on the right side, and, behold, he had a new sort of combination, as different from an orchestra as an orchestra is from a brass band. The number of novel tone-colors obtained is surprising, and the precision and delicacy of shading secured by Mr. Andreeff from his twenty-five players are simply amazing. As a matter of course, the programmes are made up chiefly of Russian folksongs, which have no superiors—Rubinstein thought no equals—in the world; but performances of pieces by the great masters are also thoroughly enjoyable. The Balalaika Orchestra will play throughout the country, and it is to be hoped that the members of our numerous college mandolin and banjo clubs, in particular, will not lose the opportunity to hear what wonders can be achieved with this kind of playing.

An interesting document relating to Richard Wagner's first engagement at an opera house, has recently been unearthed in Germany. In 1833, when he was twenty years old, the Stadttheater in Würzburg, where his brother Albert was employed as régisseur, actor, and singer, engaged Richard to serve, particularly as chorus master. But, the document continues:

He must also, in case of need, help along in spoken or mute rôles in plays, and participate in the tableaux of ballets when called upon to do so. In case of disobedience or insubordination, the director has the right to punish him in accordance with the rules of the theatre. In case the earnings of said Richard Wagner should not cover the fines imposed on him, his bondsmen pledge themselves to pay them. Richard Wagner has to place all his energies and time, so far as required, at the disposal of the director of the Stadttheater, in return for which he will receive every month ten florins as compensation.

Mr. Converse, composer of "The Pipe of Desire," which was sung at the Metropolitan Opera House last season, is now superintending the rehearsals of his new work, "The Sacrifice," at the Boston Opera House. The principal singers in it will be Constantino, Baklanoff, and Alice Nielson. Wallace Goodrich will conduct. The subject-matter of "The Sacrifice" is more distinctly American than that of the former opera. The scene is laid on the Mexican border in the stirring times of 1846, when the United States was engaged in hostilities with the sister republic to the southward. Mr. Converse, in this instance, has written his own libretto, except that the lyrics are by "Jack" Macy, one of the younger literary men of New England.

London is to hear "Salome," with modifications, so saith the Lord Chamberlain.

## Art.

*French Portrait Engraving of the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries.* By T. H. Thomas. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The eighteenth century in France has called forth a considerable literature,

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even in the field of prints alone. Portalis and Beraldi have given us a dictionary of the engravers of that time; the Goncourts, Lady Dilke, and Ralph Nevil have written on the general subject; Bourcard and Delteil have recorded prices brought by engravings, and there are numerous monographs on individual artists of this and of the preceding century, for which latter there is also the catalogue of Robert-Dumesnil. But it remained for the author of the present work to make a special study of the portrait engraving of these two centuries, hitherto treated only incidentally, excepting in the work of Duplessis, published in French in 1879, and in Charles Sumner's article, "The Best Portraits in Engraving," published in 1872. For English-reading people, especially, the author had almost a free field, for Sumner's article was cursory and uncritical. The present careful work traces the development of engraving from the somewhat austere effect, but keen characterization, of Claude Mellan at his best, through the mastery of Nanteuil and the rich versatility of the Drevets (with whom technique and the rendering of textures were still subordinated to the end in view), to the rather soulless devotion to method of Wille, which marked the beginning of decay, and to the change to greater simplicity in design and technique in the period of Louis XVI and Cochin. These changes in technique were naturally to a great extent a response to the changing point of view that dominated portrait painting. The imposing distinction of the decorative Rigaud, for instance, is reflected in the brilliantly executed engravings of the Drevets, admirable examples of adequate adaptation of an art to its purpose.

The engraved figure-pieces of this period have a more obvious and vivid appeal through their subjects, as they mirror the life of the time in its elegance and light-hearted gayety. Yet the portraits also have a decided interest. Mr. Thomas does not bow unhesitatingly to previously accepted standards. Of the four famous plates long regarded as the finest portraits engraved, the Bossuet of Pierre Imbert Drevet and the Champaigne of Edelinck pass muster with him, while Masson's Brisacier and Nanteuil's Pompone de Bellièvre do not. "Engravers," he reflects, "are generally best known by works which are striking or sensational or peculiar," and the reader here may recall the case of Mellan's Head of Christ executed in one spiral line.

The sanity, the soundness of view, makes the book a stimulating guide, and the well-chosen illustrations are helpful because produced by a photo-mechanical process which does not cut up the lines by a mechanical network as in the case of the half-tone. Naturally, no one will expect them to bear too close a scrutiny, particularly as many are much reduced in size from the originals. The student will use this book in connection with such excellent facsimile reproductions as those in the volumes of "Engravings and Woodcuts by Old Masters" (prepared under the direction of the late Friedrich Lippmann), or those issued by the British Museum. Or he will get access to the originals if near a print room—as in Washington, Boston, or New York.

There is an appendix, giving a useful alphabetical list of engravers, with summary characterizations. But the proof-reading on the index has been careless. References one page out of the way, transposed names, omissions (*e, g.*, Woeriot, Fouquet, Duvet), and names spelled differently in text and index (Quénédey, Quéneday, Lombart, Lombard), are too common.

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Houghton Mifflin Co. announces for publication in the early spring a memoir of the late John La Farge, with a study of his work by Royal Cortissoy, critic of art and literature of the New York *Tribune*.

According to report, two new Rembrandts have been discovered in Frankfort, Germany.

There are numbers of books dealing with Egyptian art, but they are forbidden to the busy man on account of their length and the exhaustiveness of their detail. A shorter book is welcome, such an one as has been furnished by Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie in his "Arts and Crafts of Ancient Egypt" (McClurg). The range of subjects treated is great and multitudes of details are introduced, but they are pertinent and do not weary the reader. The volume contains one hundred and forty illustrations which are chosen with skill and out of a full knowledge. For the most part the text is made up of discussions based upon the things that are under the reader's eye. After a couple of chapters on the character of Egyptian art and its periods and schools, the author takes up in succession the following subjects: Statuary, reliefs, painting and drawing, architecture, stone-working, jewelry, metal work, glazed ware and glass, pottery, ivory working, woodwork, plaster and stucco, and clothing. It is evident that the work is not exhaustive when it is seen that the entire exposition runs to only one hundred and fifty duodecimo pages. The author has been able to bring forth many new points from his store of knowledge gained by many years spent in excavating sites in the valley of the Nile. Professor Petrie has not changed his view of the date of the first dynasty, but clings to his published date of 4777 B. C., instead of 3400 B. C., the date advocated by Professor Breasted and most German scholars. On some accounts it would have been better to group the illustrations at the end of the volume; scattered through the book they are less convenient for reference.

Emile Michel's "Great Masters of Landscape Painting" (Lippincott) is what its title implies, a series of individual appreciations rather than a history. It is a ripe work, but must be reckoned one of the author's minor achievements. He brings to the task a mature judgment, and often draws on personal reminiscences of the recent masters. Perhaps the agreeable tone of the criticism is more prominent than anything in the way of novel or pungent opinion. The volume is a small folio and contains more than two hundred illustrations, of which forty are photogravure plates. Sketches as well as finished pictures are fully represented. In the Italian field the treatment is scrappy and inadequate. Masaccio, who did a glorious mountain landscape in the Tribute Money, is not even mentioned; no attention is paid to two admirable pen panoramas by Leonardo da Vinci, while Perugino's distinguished position as a landscapist receives no recognition. In explaining Giorgione's fantastic picture in the Giovanelli Palace (p. 16), M. Michel (or is it the modesty of the translator?) provides that artist with an otherwise unknown "wife." Generally speaking, the author holds by the realists, and when he reaches his favorite Dutchmen and the masters of yesterday the work gains immensely in quality. Living artists are omitted, and this limits the treatment of the Giverny school to bare and disapproving mention. Constable is one of the excellent chapters; Turner is taken with many reservations. Of Ruskin's campaign against Claude is written: "Ruskin speaks of Claude with the most vulgar and unintelligent presumption." Change "vulgar" to "fanatical" and this harsh saying becomes wholly true. The sparseness of the index indicates perhaps that this is a book to be read rather than consulted, and indeed the appeal is chiefly to the general reader. From the skilful collection of so much pictorial material, much of it quite unhackneyed, the scholar too may profit.

We have received the forty-first volume of the *International Studio*, including the numbers from July to October last. Certain friends of this useful magazine would be glad to see it assume greater critical authority. As it is, it does useful service in gathering in current art intelligence from many sources. No single journal covers the field in so truly international a spirit. Essays on the art of Cecilia Beaux, Edward W. Redfield, and Daniel Chester French are attractive titles in the present volumes. A somewhat extended review of Modern Landscape Paintings in Japan, and Montgomery Schuyler's critique of the new Pennsylvania Station in New York are articles of more than passing interest.

"The Golden Age of Engraving," by Frederick Keppel (Baker & Taylor), is an ingathering of lectures, magazine articles, and brief essays, some of which have done duty in the booklets issued by Mr. Keppel's firm. First and last nearly all the periods and masters of etching, engraving, and mezzotinting are touched on by one who knows the subject intimately. There is naturally some repetition, but no more probably than is salutary for the unskilled reader. There are 262 illustrations, making a kind of compendium of the art. Among really great figures we miss only Hollar and Blake. An autobiographical introduction tells how casually Mr. Keppel was led into the calling which he has illustrated for more than a generation. The chance of buying a lot of old prints cheap, and of finding a collector honest enough to pay a right profit, turned Mr. Keppel from

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bookselling to the allied trade. His first customer, James L. Claghorn of Philadelphia, was also his mentor. Of his adventures in the print shops and auctions of Europe Mr. Keppel tells vivaciously. Excellent is the story of Mrs. Noseda of London, who having lent some historical portraits to her landlord, Lord Salisbury, was rewarded by a personal visit and presentation of a life membership to the Army and Navy Stores. This she refused with the words:

Thank you, my lord, but I cawn't go against my own class. "Why, Mrs. Noseda," said he, "you will save 10 or 15 per cent. in the purchasing of all your household supplies." "Let the shopkeepers make their profit out of me," she shouted (by this time she was angry). "My lord," she went on, "you and the other great property owners are starving your own tenants, and if this goes on you will have whole rows of shops standing empty and idle. I won't accept your card?"

"The Lure of the Antique" (Century Co.), by Walter A. Dyer, will be of considerable value to amateur collectors of old furniture, china, mirrors, candlesticks, pewter, glassware, copper utensils, clocks, and some other household furnishings of the American colonial period and the early days of the republic. The book would be regarded by a museum expert as suggestive rather than authoritative. In style, text, and illustrations, it is journalistic, a compilation, for the most part, of special articles contributed to *Country Life in America*. It is not on that account less well designed to further the ransacking of garrets and enrichment of antique dealers. The author's enthusiasm, however, is tempered with good sense; his counsel usually cuts true, as in this: "When you buy an old chair, determine if it be really old, genuine, and fairly priced. But examine it also for good workmanship and intrinsic beauty, and try to see if it be comfortable. Chairs to be seen and not sat upon are intolerable encumbrances." Of antique pewter Mr. Dyer says: "Its beauty is rather that of some quaint, sweet-faced, gray-haired old lady in a lace cap than of a blooming ball-room belle. Some people don't care for old ladies—some do. And there is the whole story in a nutshell, *applying to nearly all forms of antiques.*" The illustrations, many of them from Miss Mary H. Northend's collection of photographs, give glimpses of colonial homes on the Massachusetts North Shore and elsewhere. Not many of the objects in public museums or houses preserved by historical societies are included—a defect, certainly, if the work undertook to be a manual of its subject. And even accepting the book's limitations, one questions whether the general reader ought not to be informed where he may see good examples of American antiques, the list to include not only the art museums which exhibit colonial and later arts and crafts, but such collections as those, say, of the Oliver Ellsworth house, at Windsor, the Paul Revere house, Boston, the Spalding house, Lowell, and the Longfellow House, Portland. The textile arts Mr. Dyer does not include among antiques, and there are other omissions, doubtless justified by the impossibility of writing about all old things. The space given to spurious and "glorified" antiques is certainly not inordinate, for as the author says: "There's a vast deal of faking in the business, and it's a dangerous venture for the uninitiated."

The death is reported from Karlsruhe of Karl Heilig, the painter and illustrator, aged forty-seven.

J. Exner, the Danish painter, died the middle of last month at the age of eighty-five.

The death is announced from Paris of the landscape and portrait painter, Etienne Prosper Berne-Bellecour, in his seventy-third year. His reputation was first made by pictures of episodes in the Franco-Prussian war.

# Finance.

## MR. HILL'S PROPHECY.

From start to finish, last week on the Stock Exchange was a week of demoralization and of declining prices. Losses in active stocks ranged from 5 to 10 points; selling by speculators for the decline was intermingled with realizing sales for the account of those unlucky people who had been conducting a belated "after-election boom." There were doubtless many causes for this severe reaction—among them the fact that prices for many shares, despite the abrupt decline of the day or two after November 8, were still, at last week's opening, ten points above October's initial figures, whereas the general financial situation could not be said to have improved. But the market itself assigned as the real cause, both for the break in prices and for the wave of pessimism which swept over the financial community, the interview given out in St. Paul by James J. Hill, a week ago last Monday, on the industrial outlook.

The Stock Exchange has a superstitious respect for a statement, made in print by an eminent financier, about the financial situation. Private expression of his views is not sufficient, even though all Wall Street knows what he said. Knowledge of the facts in the case by the whole community, before any oracle has spoken, is not enough. To create exactly the psychological situation requisite for the Stock Exchange's purposes, the thing must be down in black and white.

Last week provided an interesting illustration of the principle. Notwithstanding the Stock Exchange's unanimous opinion that the shove which toppled the market over was Mr. Hill's interview of last week, there was little or nothing, in the statements ascribed to Mr. Hill, which the common-sense part of Wall Street and of the business community had not itself been saying, ever since early autumn. That there was bound to be a distinct slowing-down in trade activity next year; that plans for industrial expansion would be curtailed, as a consequence of our recent over-production of goods and over-use of credit, and that employment of labor could not be so active as in the premature "boom year" 1909—all these conclusions had been reached, many weeks before, by men in touch with the facts of the present situation. Wall Street went further, after the published interview had been repudiated (in a very qualified way), and declared that Mr. Hill himself had expressed the same views long before they found lodgment in the newspapers. Nevertheless, the fact that the predictions were in print remained the central fact in their bearing on the market. The logical inference, from the Stock Exchange point of view, was that if only these prevalent opinions had been exchanged in whispers, and no one had uttered them in a really loud tone of voice, everybody might have been a pessimist without the innocent stock market ever suspecting it.

The truth of the matter is that interviews and statements of the sort are primary influences only when a responsible financier predicts something wholly at variance with what the market had previously expected, or when he forcibly sets forth misgivings which had been haunting only vaguely and indistinctly the mind of the community at large, or when, while merely confirming preconceived ideas, the prediction is uttered at one of those interesting moments when stocks are ready for a sudden rise or fall, and are waiting for something tangible to start the ball rolling. Clearly enough, it is in the third of these classifications that last week's interview belongs.

Perhaps the most noteworthy fact about the incident lies in the very frank and public concurrence of other financiers in the general views of Mr. Hill. President Mellen of the New Haven Railroad agreed in admitting that he saw "every indication of a reaction in business," remarking also, "How severe it will become, or how long it will last, I find myself unable to predict." President Underwood of the Erie, and with him other railway presidents, endorsed more cautiously Mr. Hill's general prediction. Some of them emphasized the brighter side, though even they did not question the main prediction. Thus Mr. Yoakum of the "Frisco" declared that business will continue to move ahead on a better basis than "boom-time methods," and Charles M. Schwab, while admitting that we may have "a little depression," added that "it cannot stop our healthy, happy, inevitable progress and prosperity."

In other words, the prophecy seemed to be concurred in, where one might possibly have looked for denial. But so far from being a matter of grave discouragement, that is in a way a reassuring sign. When predictions of trade reaction are made on manifestly correct grounds, but are angrily denounced (as

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they were in 1902 and 1906) by all other men with financial and industrial connections, the inference cannot be escaped that the financial leaders have been caught off their guard, and that finance and industry themselves are unprepared for the readjustment process. When, for example, in midsummer of 1907, with the storm-clouds gathering rapidly on the financial horizon, and signs of grave economic disturbance coming plainly into view, William Rockefeller declared that he could "see no signs of a general reaction in business," and H. H. Rogers protested that "the prospects are very bright" and that "there is not the slightest reason why business should not show improvement," it was easy to infer that some great financial interests were unprepared. It was not a very bold further deduction that the banks and corporations governed by such large capitalists were in danger of being overtaken by the financial hurricane with all sails spread.

No such position of affairs exists today, and that is one essential reason why Mr. Hill and all the other prophets of slowing-up in trade agree in dismissing any notion of a crisis. Indeed, one evidence of the entirely sane and intelligent view held by the business community in the matter is its prompt rejection of all extremely pessimistic ideas. The St. Paul newspaper, in which Mr. Hill's interview first appeared, started it with the headlines, "Hill Sees Tie-up of All Business." But nobody took this caption seriously, and every one knows that nothing of the sort is on the calendar.

The industrial movement in this country, since the greatly overdone "Sunshine crusade" of 1908 and the visible over-expansion of 1909, has followed exactly the course marked out by the precedent of financial history. Historical precedent shows with equal clearness what the next chapter ought to be. What it points to is the return of American industry, through an orderly process of retrenchment, economy, and sobriety, to the sound position which it sacrificed in 1906 and 1907, and which it failed to regain in 1908 and 1909. When our foot is again on solid ground—and there are visible weather signs which will tell us of that achievement—people familiar with the story of other decades will know that the time is ripe for another great forward movement in American prosperity, on such a genuine basis as the country has not witnessed in many a year.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allen, F. W. The Golden Road. Wessels & Bissell. $1.50 net.
American Men of Science. Second edition: Science Press.
Aspinwall, A. The Listen to Me Stories. Dutton. $1.50.
Bean, R. B. The Racial Anatomy of the Philippine Islanders. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Beaumont and Fletcher. Works. Vol. IX. Putnams.
Bensusan, S. L. Home Life in Spain. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Bosanketh, E. The Pharisee and the Publican. Broadway Pub. Co.
Branch, A. H. Rose of the Wind and Other Poems. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Broadley, A. M. Napoleon in Caricature, 1795-1821. Introductory essay by J. H. Rose. 2 vols. Lane.
Browne, E. G. The Persian Revolution of 1905-1909. Putnam.
Brown, J. The English Puritans. (Cambridge University Press.) Putnam.
Burch, R. M. Colour Printing and Colour Printers. Baker & Taylor.
Burton, R. A Midsummer Memory: Elegy on the Death of Arthur Upson. Minneapolis: E. D. Brooks.
Butler, I. Tales from the Old French, Translated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Carroll's Alice in Wonderland. Pictured by M. L. Attwell. London: Raphael Tuck.
Chatterton, E. K. The Romance of the Ship. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Colby, F. M. Constrained Attitudes. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Conybeare, E. Highways and Byways in Cambridge and Ely. Macmillan. $2 net.
Cramp, W. Continuous Current Machine Design. Van Nostrand. $2.50 net.
Dasent, G. W. Norse Fairy Tales. Illustrated by R. L. and H. J. Knowles. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Davidson, N. J. A Knight Errant and His Doughty Deeds: the Story of Amadis of Gaul. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. Frowde.
Densmore, F. Chippewa Music. Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Dickens Centenary Edition. Nicholas Nickleby, 2 vols.; A Child's History of England. Scribner. $1 net each.
Dudden, F. H. Christ and Christ's Religion. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Duke, T. S. Celebrated Criminal Cases of America. San Francisco. J. H. Barry Co. $3.
Egleston-Hinman, E. Naya: a Story of the Bighorn Country. Chicago: Rand McNally.
Ellis, S. M. William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends. 2 vols. Lane. $10 net.
Erckmann-Chatrain. The History of a Conscript of 1813. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Fairbank, J. A. In Town and Other Conversations. Chicago: McClurg.
Ford, W. C. George Washington. (Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard.
Fowke, G. Antiquities of Central and Southeastern Missouri. Bureau of American Ethnology. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Fraser, Mrs. H. A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead. $6 net.
Gilliat, E. Heroes of the Elizabethan Age. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Griffin, W. H., and Minchin, H. C. The Life of Robert Browning. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Griswold, G. Love and the Year, and Other Poems. Duffield. 60 cents net.
Hare, C. The Romance of a Medici Warrior. Scribner $2.50 net.
Harvard University Directory. Compiled by a Committee of the Harvard Alumni Assn., Harvard University.
Hauptmann, G. Der Narr in Christo, Emanuel Quint. Lemcke & Buechner.
Hearn, L. Japanese Letters. Edited, with introduction, by Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Henderson, E. N. A Text-Book in the Principles of Education. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Hobson, J. A. The Industrial System. New and revised ed. Scribner. $2 net.
Horne, H. H. Idealism in Education. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hough, E. The Purchase Price. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Howe, M. A. De. W. Boston Common: Scenes From Four Centuries. Cambridge Riverside Press.
Hurst, H. E., and Lattey, R. T. A Text-Book of Physics. Van Nostrand. $3 net.
Irwin, W. The Readjustment. Huebsch. $1.20 net.
Jackson, G. E. The Adventures of Tommy Postoffice. Captain Polly of Annapolis. Dutton. $1.25; $1.50.
James G. Green Willow and Other Japanese Fairy Tales. Macmillan. $5 net.
Jeffrey's Literary Criticism. Edited by D. N. Smith. Frowde.
Jerrold, C. The Beaux and the Dandies. Lane.
Jerrold, L. The Real France. Lane. $1.50 net.
Johnson, G. S. Poems for the People. Broadway Pub. Co.
Kennett, R. H.; Adams, Mrs., and Gwatkin, H. M: Early Ideals of Righteousness. Hebrew, Greek, and Roman. Scribner. $1 net.
Kephart, H. Camp Cookery; the Book of Camping and Woodcraft. Outing Pub. Co. $1.; $1.50 net.
Kirk, A., and Bull, E. L. First Latin Book. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lane, L. S. I Married a Soldier. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lawton, F. Balzac—a Biography. Wessels & Bissell. $4 net.
Lewis, H. R. Poultry Laboratory Guide. Macmillan. 65 cents net.
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Maclean, J. K. Heroes of the Polar Seas. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Macpherson, H., jr. The Romance of Modern Astronomy. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Marshall, L. Fairy Tales of All Nations, translated and edited. Illustrated in color. Philadelphia: Winston. $2.
McClintock, W. The Old North Trail. Macmillan. $4 net.
McCutcheon, J. T. In Africa. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill.
Marriott, J. A. R. English Political Institutions. Frowde. $1.10.
Meade, L. T. Pretty-Girl and the Others. Dutton. $1.50.
Meade, R. P. Life of Admiral Paulding. Baker & Taylor. $1.50 net.
Mero, E. B. American Playgrounds. Third edition. Baker & Taylor.
Moody, C. S. Backwoods Surgery and Medicine. Outing Pub. Co. 75 cents.
Morse, M. Scottie and His Lady. Boston. Houghton, Mifflin. $1.
Oppenheim, J. The Pioneers: a Poetic Drama in Two Scenes. Huebsch. 50 cents.
Ostwald, W. Natural Philosophy. Trans. by T. Seltzer. Holt. $1 net.
Pancoast, H. S., and Shelly, P. V. A First Book in English Literature. Holt.
Pound, E. Provença. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1 net.
Pyle, K. Where the Wind Blows. Dutton. $2.
Reinheimer, H. Survival and Reproduction: A New Biological Outlook. London: John M. Watkins.
Richard, T. The New Testament of Higher Buddhism. Scribner. $2 net.
Rolland, R. Jean-Christophe: Dawn, Morning, Youth, Revolt. Trans. by G. Cannan. Holt. $1.50 net.
Schiller, F. C. S. Riddles of the Sphinx. New and revised edition. Macmillan. $3 net.
Scott, C. The Voice of the Ancient. London: J. M. Watkins.
Scott's, The Monastery; The Antiquary. Frowde.
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Swift. Correspondence of Jonathan Swift. Edited by F. E. Ball, with introduction by the Very Rev. J. H. Bernard. Macmillan. $3.50 net.
Swift, L. Benjamin Franklin. (Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard.
Tokyo Imperial University Calendar (1909-1910).

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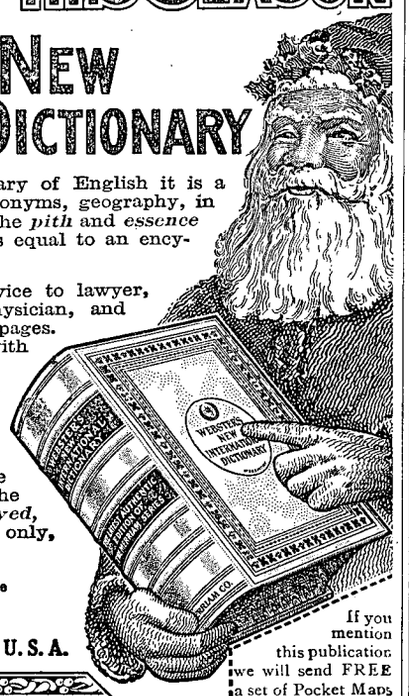

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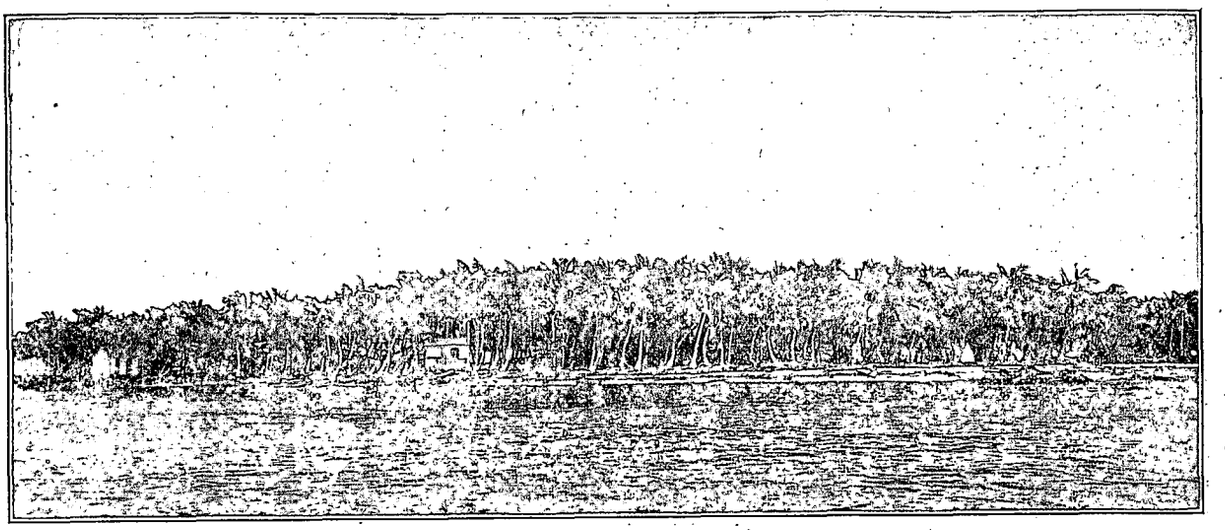

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